Measure for *Measure*.

A

COMEDY,

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES.

By *SHAKESPEARE*.

LONDON:

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

Vinentio, Duke of *Vienna*.
Angelo, Lord Deputy in the Duke's Abſence.
Eſcalus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a young Gentleman.
Lucio, a Fantaſtick.
Two Gentleman.
Varrius, a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.
Provoſt.
Thomas, } Two Friars.
Peter, }
Elbow, a ſimple Conſtable.
Frith, a fooliſh Gentleman.
Clown, Servant to Mrs. *Over-don*,
Abhorſon, an Executioner.
Barnardine, a diſſolute Priſoner.

Iſabella, Siſter to *Claudio*.
Mariana, betrothed to *Angelo*.
Juliet, beloved of *Claudio*.
Franciſca, a Nun.
Miſtreſs *Over-don*, a Bawd.

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

Scene, VIENNA.

N. B. *The Lines thus marked* ' *(by reaſon of the Length of the Play) are left out in the Performance.*

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THE

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Eſcalus, *and Lords.*

Duke.

Scalus,

Eſcal. My Lord.

Duke. Of Government, the
Properties to unfold,
Would ſeem in me t'affect ſpeech
and Diſcourſe.
Since I am put to know, that
your own Science
Exceeds in that, the Liſt of all Advice
My Strength can give you: 'Then no more remains;
'Put that to your Sufficiency, as your Worth is able,
'And let them work: 'The Nature of our People,
Our City's Inſtitutions, and the Terms
For common Juſtice, y'are as pregnant in
As Art and Practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our Commiſſion,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
I ſay, bid come before us *Angelo*:
What figure of us think you, he will bear?
For you muſt know, we have with ſpecial Soul
Elected him our Abſence to ſupply;
Lent him our Terror, dreſt him with our Love,
And given his Deputation all the Organs
Of our own Power: What think you of it?

Eſcal. If any in *Vienna* be of Worth
To undergo ſuch ample Grace and Honour,
It is Lord *Angelo.*

Enter

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's Will,
I come to know your Grace's Pleaſure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of Character in thy Life,
That, to th' Obſerver, doth thy Hiſtory
Fully unfold: Thyſelf and thy Belongings
Are not thine own ſo proper, as to waſte
Thy ſelf upon thy Virtues; they on thee.
Heav'n doth with us, as we with Torches do,
Not light them for themſelves: For if our Virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if he had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine Iſſues; nor Nature never lends
The ſmalleſt Scruple of her Excellence,
But like a thrifty Goddeſs ſhe determines
Her ſelf the Glory of a Creditor,
Both Thanks and Uſe. But I do bend my Speech
To one that can my Part in him advertiſe;
Hold therefore, *Angelo*:
In our Remove, be thou at full, our ſelf.
Mortality and Mercy in *Vienna*,
Live in thy Tongue and Heart: Old *Eſcalus*,
Though firſt in Queſtion, is thy Secondary.
Take thy Commiſſion.

Ang. Now, good my Lord,
Let there be ſome more Teſt made of my Metal,
Before ſo noble and ſo great a Figure,
Be ſtampt upon it.

Duke. No more Evaſion:
We have with a leven'd and prepar'd Choice
Proceeded to you: therefore take your Honours.
Our Haſte from hence is of ſo quick Condition,
That it prefers it ſelf, and leaves unqueſtion'd
Matters of needful Value. We ſhall write to you,
As Time and our Concernings ſhall importune,
How it goes with us, and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well.
To th' hopeful Execution do I leave you
Of our Commiſſion.

Ang. Yet give leave, my Lord,

That

That we may bring you ſomething on the Way.

Duke. My Haſte may not admit it,
Nor need you, on my Honour, have to do
With any Scruple; your Scope is as mine own,
So to inforce, or qualifie the Law,
As to your Soul ſeems good. Give me your Hand;
I'll privily away. I love the People,
But do not like to ſtage me to their Eyes:
Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
Their loud Applauſe, and *Aves* vehement:
Nor do I think the Man of ſafe Diſcretion
That does affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The Heav'n's give Safety to your Purpoſes.

Eſcal. Lead forth and bring you back in Happineſs.

Duke. I thank you, fare you well. [*Exit*

Eſcal. I ſhall deſire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free Speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my Place;
A Power I have, but of what Strength and Nature
I am not yet inſtructed.

Ang. 'Tis ſo with me: Let us withdraw together,
And we may ſoon our Satisfaction have
Touching that Point.

Eſcal. I'll wait upon your Honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Street.*

Enter Lucio, *and two Gentlemen.*

'*Lucio.* If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come 'not to Compoſition with the King of *Hungary*, why 'then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

'1 *Gent.* Heav'n grant us its peace, but not the King 'of *Hungary*.

'2 *Gent.* Amen.

'*Lucio.* Thou conclud'ſt like the Sanctimonious Pyrate, 'that went to Sea with the ten Commandments, but 'ſcrap'd one out of the Table.

'2 *Gent.* Thou ſhalt not ſteal?

'*Lucio.* Ay, that he raz'd.

'1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a Commandment to command 'the Captain and all the reſt from their Functions; they 'put forth to ſteal: There's not a Soldier of us all, that,

'in

'in the Thankgiving before Meat, doth reliſh the Peti-
'tion well that prays for Peace.

'2 *Gent.* I never heard any Soldier diſlike it.

'*Lucio.* I believe thee: For I think thou never waſt
'where Grace was ſaid.

'2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at leaſt.

'1 *Gen.* What? in Meeter?

'*Lucio.* In any Proportion, or in any Language.

'1 *Gent.* I think, or in any Religion.

'*Lucio.* Ay, why not? Grace, is Grace, deſpight of
'all Controverſy; as for Example, Thou thyſelf art a
'wicked Villain, deſpight of all Grace.

'1 *Gent.* Well; there went but a Pair of Sheers be-
'tween us.

'*Lucio.* I grant; as there may between the Liſts and
'the Velvet. Thou art the Liſt.

'1 *Gent.* And thou the Velvet; thou art good Vel-
'vet; thou'rt a three pil'd Piece I warrant thee: I had
'as lief be a Liſt of an *Engliſh* Kerſey, as be pil'd, as thou
'art pil'd, for a *French* Velvet. Do I ſpeak feelingly now?

'*Lucio.* I think thou doſt; and indeed with moſt
'painful feeling of thy Speech: I will, out of thine own
'Confeſſion, learn to begin thy Health; but, whilſt I
'live, forget to drink after thee.

'1 *Gent.* I think I have done myſelf wrong, have I not?

'2 *Gent.* Yes that thou haſt; whether thou art tainted
'or free.

Enter Bawd.

'*Lucio.* Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes.
'I have purchas'd as many Diſeaſes under her Roof,
'As come to ———

'2 *Gent.* To what, pray?

'*Lucio.* Judge.

'2 *Gent.* To three thouſand Dollars a Year.

'1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

'*Lucio.* A *French* Crown more.

'1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring Diſeaſes in me;
'but thou art full of Error; I am ſound.

'*Lucio.* Nay, not as one would ſay, healthy; but ſo
'ſound, as things that are hollow; thy Bones are hollow;
'Impiety has made a Feaſt of thee.

'1 *Gent.* How now, which of your Hips has the moſt
'profound Sciatica? '*Bawd.*

'*Bawd.* Well, well; there's one yonder arreſted, and
'carry'd to Priſon, was worth five thouſand of you all.
'1 *Gent.* Who's that, I prethee?
'*Bawd.* Marry Sir, that's *Claudio*, Signior *Claudio*.
'1 *Gent. Claudio* to Priſon? 'tis not ſo.
'*Bawd.* Nay, but I know 'tis ſo; I ſaw him arreſted:
'ſaw him carry'd away; and which is more, within theſe
'three Days his Head is to be chopt off.
'*Lucio.* But, after all this fooling, I would not have it ſo;
'Art thou ſure of this?
'*Bawd* I am too ſure of it; and it is for getting Madam
'*Julietta* with Child.
'*Lucio.* Believe me this may be; he promiſed to meet
'me two Hours ſince, and he was ever preciſe in Pro-
'miſe-keeping.
'2 *Gen.* Beſides you know it draws ſomething near to
'the Speech we had to ſuch a Purpoſe.
'1 *Gen.* But moſt of all agreeing with the Proclamation.
'*Lucio.* Away, let's go learn the Truth of it. [*Exeunt.*
'*Bawd.* Thus, what with the War, what with the
'Sweat, what with the Gallows, and what with Poverty,
'I am Cuſtom ſhrunk. How now? what's the News
'with you?

Enter Clown.

'*Clown.* Yonder Man is carry'd to Priſon.
'*Bawd.* Well, what has he done?
'*Clown.* A Woman.
'*Bawd.* But what's his Offence?
'*Clown.* Groping for Trouts in a peculiar River.
'*Bawd.* What? is there a Maid with Child by him?
'*Clown.* No; but there's a Woman with Maid by him.
'You have not heard of the Proclamation, have you?
'*Bawd.* What Proclamation, Man?
'*Clown.* All Houſes in the Suburbs of *Vienna* muſt be
'pluck'd down.
'*Bawd.* And what will become of thoſe in the City?
'*Clown.* They ſhall ſtand for Seed; they had gone down
'too, but that a wiſe Burger put in for them.
'*Bawd.* But ſhall our Houſes of Reſort in the Suburbs
'be pull'd down?
'*Clown.* To the Ground, Miſtreſs.
'*Bawd.* Why here's a Change indeed in the Common-
'wealth;

'wealth; what ſhall become of me?

'*Clown.* Come, fear not you; good Counſellors lack 'no Clients; though you change your Place, you need 'not change your Trade; I'll be your Tapſter ſtill. 'Courage, there will be pity taken on you: you that 'have worn your Eyes almoſt out in the Service, you 'will be conſidered.

'*Bawd.* What's to do here, *Thomas Tapſter?* let's with-'draw.

'*Clown.* Here comes Signior *Claudio* led by the Pro-'voſt to Priſon; and there's Madam *Juliet.*

[*Ex.* Bawd *and* Clown.

Enter Provoſt, Claudio, *and Officers.*

Claud. Fellow, why doſt thou ſhow me thus to th' World? Bear me to Priſon, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil Diſpoſition,
But from Lord *Angelo* by ſpecial Charge.

Claud. Thus can the Demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down, for our Offence, by weight
The words of Heav'n: on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, ſo; yet ſtill 'tis juſt.

Enter Lucio. [ſtraint?

Lucio. Why how now *Claudio?* whence comes this Re-

Claud. From too much Liberty, my *Lucio*, Liberty;
As Surfeit is the Father of much Faſt,
So every Scope by the immoderate uſe
Turns to Reſtraint: Our Nature do purſue,
Like Rats that ravin down their proper Bane,
A thirſty Evil, and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could ſpeak ſo wiſely, under an Arreſt, I would ſend for certain of my Creditors: and yet, to ſay the Truth, I had as lief have the Foppery of Freedom; as the Morality of Impriſonment: What's thy Offence, *Claudio?*

Claud. What but to ſpeak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is't, Murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio, Letchery?

Claud. Call it ſo.

Prov. Away, Sir, you muſt go.

Claud. One Word, good Friend;
Lucio, a Word with you.

Lucio. A hundred. If

If they'll do you any good: Is Letchery ſo look'd after?
Claud. Thus ſtands it with me; upon a true Contract
I got Poſſeſſion of *Juliett*a's Bed,
You know the Lady, ſhe is faſt my Wife,
Save that we do the Denunciation lack
Of outward Order. This we came not to,
Only for Propagation of a Dowre
Remaining in the Coffer of her Friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Love
Till Time had made them for us. But it chances
The Stealth of our moſt mutual Entertainment,
With Character too groſs, is writ in *Juliet.*
Lucio. With Child, perhaps?
Claud. Unhappily, even ſo.
And the new Deputy now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpſe of Newneſs,
Or whether that the Body publick be
A Horſe whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who newly in the Seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it ſtrait feel the Spur;
Whether the Tyranny be in his Place,
Or in his Eminence that fills it up,
I ſtagger in: But this new Governor
Awakes me all the enrolled Penalties
Which have, like unſcour'd Armour, hung by th' Wall
So long, that nineteen Zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and for a Name,
Now puts the drowſy and neglected Act
Freſhly on me; 'tis ſurely for a Name.
Lucio. I warrant it is; and thy Head ſtands ſo tickle on thy Shoulders, that a Milk-maid, if ſhe be in Love, may ſigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.
Claud. I have done ſo, but he's not to be found.
I prethee, *Lucio*, do me this kind Service:
This Day, my Siſter ſhould the Cloiſter enter,
And there receive her Approbation.
Acquaint her with the Danger of my State,
Implore her in my Voice, that ſhe make Friends
To the ſtrict Deputy; bid herſelf aſſay him,
I have great Hope in that; for in her Youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſs Dialect,
Such as moves Men! beſide, ſhe hath proſperous Art

When ſhe will play with Reaſon, and Diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſuade.

Lucio. I pray ſhe may; as well for the Encouragement of the like, 'which elſe would ſtand upon grievous Im-'poſition,' as for the enjoying of thy Life, who I would be ſorry ſhould be thus fooliſhly loſt; at a Game of Tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good Friend *Lucio.*

Lucio. Within two Hou s.

Claud. Come Officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Monaſtery.*

Enter Duke; *and Friar* Thomas.

Duke. No; holy Father, throw away that Thought,
Believe not that the dribbling Dart of Love
Can pierce a compleat Boſom: Why I deſire thee
To give me ſecret Harbour, hath a purpoſe
More grave and wrinkled than the Aims and Ends
Of burning Youth.

Fri. May your Grace ſpeak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the Life remov'd,
And held in idle price to haunt Aſſemblies
Where Youth and Coſt, and witleſs Bravery keeps.
I have delivered to Lord *Angelo*,
A Man of Stricture and firm Abſtinence,
My abſolute Power and Place here in *Vienna*,
And he ſuppoſes me travell'd to *Poland*,
For ſo I have ſtrew'd it in the common Ear,
And ſo it is receiv'd: Now, pious Sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duke. We have ſtrict Statutes, and moſt biting Laws,
The needful Bits and Curbs for head-ſtrong Weeds,
Which for this fourteen Years we have let ſlip,
Even like an o'er-grown Lion in a Cave
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
Having bound up the threat'ning Twigs of Birch,
Only to ſtick it in their Children's ſight,
For Terror, not to uſe; in time the Rod's
More mock'd than fear'd: So our Decrees,

Dead

Dead to Infliction, to themſelves are dead,
And Liberty plucks Juſtice by the Noſe;
The Baby beats the Nurſe, and quite athwart
Goes all Decorum.

Fri. It reſted in your Grace
To unlooſe this ty'd-up Juſtice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have ſeem'd
Than in Lord *Angelo*.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful;
Sith 'twas my Fault to give the People Scope,
'Twould be my Tyranny to ſtrike and gall them
For what I bid them do. For we bid this be done
When evil Deeds have their permiſſive Paſs,
And not the Puniſhment: Therefore indeed, my Father,
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the Office,
Who may in th' ambuſh of my Name ſtrike home,
And yet, my Nature never in the ſight
To do in ſlander: And to behold his Sway,
I will, as 'twere a Brother of your Order,
Viſit both Prince and People; therefore I prethee
Supply me with the Habit, and inſtruct me
How I may formally in Perſon bear
Like a true *Friar*. More Reaſons for this Action,
At your more leiſure, ſhall I render you;
Only this one: Lord *Angelo* is preciſe,
Stands at a guard with Envy, ſcarce confeſſes
That his Blood flows, or that his Appetite
Is more to Bread than Stone: Hence ſhall we ſee,
If Power change Purpoſe, what our Seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Nunnery.*

Enter Iſabella *and* Franciſca.

Iſab. And have you Nuns no farther Privileges?

Nun. Are not theſe large enough?

Iſab. Yes truly; I ſpeak not as deſiring more,
But rather wiſhing a more ſtrict Reſtraint
Upon the Siſterhood, the Votariſts of Saint *Clare*.

Lucio *within.*

Lucio. Hoa! Peace be in this Place.

Iſab. Who's that which calls?

Nun. It is a Man's Voice, gentle *Iſabella*,

Turn.

Turn you the Key, and know his Buſineſs of him;
You may; I may not: you are yet unſworn:
When you have vow'd, you muſt not ſpeak with Men
But in the Preſence of the *Prioreſs*;
Then if you ſpeak, you muſt not ſhew your Face,
Or if you ſhew your Face, you muſt not ſpeak.
He calls again, I pray you anſwer him. [*Exit* Franc.

Iſab. Peace and Proſperity, who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail Virgin, if you be, as thoſe Cheek-Roſes
Proclaim you are no leſs, can you ſo ſtead me,
As bring me to the Sight of *Iſabella*,
A Novice of this Place, and the fair Siſter
To her unhappy Brother *Claudio*?

Iſab. Why her unhappy Brother? Let me ask,
The rather, for I now muſt make you know
I am that *Iſabella*, and his Siſter.

Lucio. Gentle and Fair, your Brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you, he's in Priſon.

Iſab. Wo me, for what?

Lucio. For that, which if my ſelf might be his Judge,
He ſhould receive his Puniſhment in Thanks;
He hath got his Friend with Child,

'*Iſab.* Sir, make me not your Story.

'*Lucio.* 'Tis true: I would not, tho' 'tis my familiar Sin,
'With Maids to ſeem the Lapwing, and to jeſt,
'Tongue far from Heart; play with all Virgins ſo.
'I hold you as a thing enſky'd and ſainted,
'By your Renouncement an Immortal Spirit,
'and to be talk'd with in Sincerity,
'As with a Saint.

'*Iſab.* You do blaſpheme the Good, in mocking me.

'*Lucio.* Do not believe it. Fewneſs, and Truth; 'tis thus:
'Your Brother and his Lover having embrac'd,
'As thoſe that feed grow full, as bloſſoming time
'That from the Seedneſs the bare Fellow brings
'To teeming Poyſon; even ſo her plenteous Womb
'expreſſeth his full Tilth and Husbandry.

Iſab. Some one with Child by him? My Couſin *Juliet*?

Lucio. Is ſhe your Couſin?

Iſab. Adoptedly, as School-Maids change their Names,
By vain, tho' apt Affection.

Lucio.

Lucio. She it is.
Iſab. Let him marry her.
Lucio. This is the Point.
The Duke is very ſtrangely gone from hence;
'Bore many Gentlemen, my ſelf being one,
'In hand, and hope of Action; but we do learn,
'By thoſe that know the very Nerves of State,
'His givings out were of an infinite Diſtance
'From his true meant Deſign.' Upon his Place,
And with full Line of his Authority,
Governs Lord *Angelo*; a Man whoſe Blood
Is very Snow-Broth, one who never feels
The wanton Stings and Motions of the Senſe;
But doth rebate, and blunt his natural Edge
With Profits of the Mind, Study and Faſt.
He, to give Fear to Uſe and Liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous Law,
As Mice by Lyons, hath pickt out an Act,
Under whoſe heavy Senſe your Brother's Life
Falls into Forfeit; he arreſts him on it,
And follows cloſe the Rigor of the Statute,
To make him an Example; all Hope is gone,
Unleſs you have the Grace by your fair Prayer
To ſoften *Angelo*; and that's my Pith of Buſineſs,
'Twixt you, and your poor Brother.
Iſab. Doth he ſo
Seek his Life?
Lucio. Ha's cenſur'd him already,
And, as I hear, the Provoſt hath a Warrant
For's Execution.
Iſab. Alas! what poor
Ability's in me, to do him good?
Lucio. Aſſay the Power you have.
Iſab. My Power? Alas! I doubt.
Lucio. Our Doubts are Traytors,
And make us loſe the Good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord *Angelo*,
And let him learn to know, when Maidens ſue,
Men give like Gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their Petitions are as truly theirs,
As they themſelves would owe them.
Iſab. I'll ſee what I can do.

Lucio.

Lucio. But ſpeedily.

Iſab. I will about it ſtrait;
No longer ſtaying, but to give the Mother
Notice of my Affair. I humbly thank you;
Commend me to my Brother: Soon at Night
I'll ſend him certain word of my Succeſs.

Lucio. I'll take my Leave of you.

Iſab. Good Sir, adieu. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Palace.*

Enter Anglo, Eſcalus, Juſtice, *and Attendants.*

Ang. WE muſt not make a Scar-crow of the Law,
Setting it up to fear the Birds of Prey,
And let it keep one Shape, 'till Cuſtom make it
Their Perch, and not their Terror.

Eſcal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruiſe to Death. Alas! this Gentleman,
Whom I would ſave, had a noble Father;
Let but your Honour know,
Whom I believe to be moſt ſtrait in Virtue,
That in the working of your own Affections,
Had time cohear'd with Place, or Place with Wiſhing,
Or that the reſolute acting of your Blood,
Could have attain'd th'Effect of your own Purpoſe,
Whether you had not ſometime in your Life
Err'd in this Point, which now you cenſure him,
And pull'd the Law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Eſcalus,*
Another thing to fall. I not deny
The Jury paſſing on the Priſoner's Life,
May in the ſworn Twelve half a Thief or two,
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to Juſtice,
That Juſtice ſeizes. What know the Laws

That

That Thieves do paſs on Thieves? 'tis very pregnant,
The Jewel that we find, we ſtoop and take't,
Becauſe we ſee it; but what we do not ſee,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not ſo extenuate his Offence,
For I have had ſuch Faults; but rather tell me
When I, that cenſure him, do ſo offend,
Let mine own Judgment pattern out my Death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir he muſt die.

Enter Provoſt.

Eſcal. Be it as your Wildom will.

Ang. Where is the *Provo* ?

Prov. Here, if it like your Honour.

Ang. See that *Claudio*
Be executed by nine to Morrow Morning.
Bring him his Confeſſor, let him be prepar'd,
For that's the utmoſt of his Pilgrimage. [*Exit* Provoſt.

Eſcal. Well: Heav'n forgive him! and forgive us all,
Some riſe by Sin, and ſome by Virtue fall:
' Some run through Brakes of Vice, and anſwer none;
' And ſome condemned for a Fault alone.

' *Enter* Elbow, Froth, Clown, *and* Officers.

' *Elb.* Come, bring them away; if theſe be good Peo-
' ple in a Common-weal, that do nothing but uſe their
' Abuſes in common Houſes, I know no Law, bring
' them away.

' *Ang.* How now, Sir, what's your Name? and
' what's the Matter?

' *Elb.* If it pleaſe your Honour, I am the poor Duke's
' Conſtable, and my Name is *Elbow*; I do lean upon Ju-
' ſtice, Sir, and do bring in here before your good Ho-
' nour, two notorious Benefactors.

' *Ang.* Benefactors? Well; What Benefactors are they?
' Are they not Malefactors?

' *Elb.* If it pleaſe your Honour, I know not well what
' they are; but preciſe Villains they are, that I am ſure
' of, and void of all Profanation in the World, that good
' Chriſtians ought to have.

' *Eſcal.* This comes off well; here's a wiſe Officer.

' *Ang.* Go to: What Qualiay are you of? *Elb.* w is your
' Name?
' Why doſt thou not ſpeak, *Elbow*?

' *Clown.* He cannot, he's out at Elbow. ' *Ang.*

'*Ang.* What are you, Sir,

'*Elb.* He, Sir? A Tapſter, Sir; parcel Bawd; one 'that ſerves a bad Woman; whoſe Houſe, Sir, was, as they 'ſay, pluckt down in the Suburbs; and now ſhe profeſſes 'a Hot-houſe; which, I think, is a very ill Houſe too.

'*Eſcal.* How know you that?

'*Elb.* My Wife, Sir, whom I deteſt before Heav'n 'and your Honour.

'*Eſcal.* How? Thy Wife.

'*Elb.* Ay, Sir; whom I thank Heav'n is an honeſt Woman,

'*Eſcal.* Doſt thou deteſt her therefore;

'*Elb.* I ſay, Sir, I will deteſt myſelf alſo, as well as 'ſhe, that this Houſe, if it be not a Bawd's Houſe, it 'is pity of her Life, for it is a naughty Houſe.

'*Eſcal.* How doſt thou know that, Conſtable?

'*Elb.* Marry, Sir, by my Wife, who, if ſhe had been a 'Woman cardinally given, might have been accuſed in 'Fornication, Adultery, and all Uncleanneſs there.

'*Eſcal.* By the Woman's Means?

'*Elb.* Ay, Sir, by Miſtreſs *Over-don*'s Means; but as 'ſhe ſpits in his Face, ſo ſhe defy'd him.

'*Clown.* Sir, if it pleaſe your Honour, this is not ſo.

'*Elb.* Prove it before theſe Varlets here, thou honour-'able Man, prove it.

'*Eſcal.* Do you hear how he miſplaces?

'*Clown.* Sir, ſhe came in great with Child, and longing, 'ſaving your Honour's Reverence, for ſtew'd Prewns; 'we had but two in the Houſe, which at that very inſtant 'time ſtood as it were, in a Fruit-diſh, a Diſh of ſome 'three Pence; your Honours have ſeen ſuch Diſhes, they 'are not *China* Diſhes, but very good Diſhes.

'*Eſcal.* Go too, go too; no matter for the Diſh, Sir.

'*Clown.* No indeed, Sir, not a Fin: you are therein in 'the right: But to the Point; as I ſay, this Miſtreſs *Elbow*, 'being, as I ſay, with Child, and being great belly'd, and 'longing, as I ſaid, for Prewns; and having no more in the 'Diſh, as I ſaid; Maſter *Froth* here, this very Man, having 'eaten the reſt, as I ſaid, and, as I ſay, paying for them 'very honeſtly: for, as you know, Maſter *Froth*, I 'could not give you three Pence again.

'*Froth.* No indeed.

'*Clown.* Very well; you being then, if you be remem-

'bred,

'bred, cracking the Stones of the aforeſaid Prewns.

'*Froth.* Ay, ſo I did indeed.

'*Clown.* Why, very well; I telling you then, if you 'be remembred, that ſuch a one, and ſuch a one, were 'paſt Cure of the thing you wot of, unleſs they kept 'good Diet, as I told you.

'*Froth.* All this is true.

'*Clown.* Why, very well then.

'*Eſcal.* Come, you are a tedious Fool; to the purpoſe; 'what was done to *Elbow*'s Wife, that he hath Cauſe to 'complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

'*Clown.* Sir, your Honour cannot come to that yet.

'*Eſcal.* No Sir, nor I mean it not.

'*Clown.* Sir, but you ſhall come to it, by your Honour's 'leave: and I beſeech you, look into Maſter *Froth* here, 'Sir, a Man of fourſcore Pound a Year; whoſe Father dy'd 'at *Hallowmas*. Was't not at *Hallowmas*, Maſter *Froth*?

'*Froth. All-Hallond* Eve.

'*Clown.* Why very well; I hope here be Truths. He, 'Sir, ſitting, as I ſay, in a lower Chair, Sir; 'twas in 'the Bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight 'to ſit, have you not?

'*Froth.* I have ſo, becauſe it is an open Room, and 'good for Winter.

'*Clown.* Why, very well then; I hope there be Truths.

'*Ang.* This will laſt out a Night in *Ruſſia*,
'When Nights are longeſt there. I'll take my Leave,
'And leave you to the hearing of the Cauſe,
'Hoping you'll find good Cauſe to whip them all. [*Exit.*

'*Eſcal.* I think no leſs. Good-morrow to your Lordſhip. 'Now, Sir, come on: What was done to *Elbow*'s Wife, 'once more?

'*Clown.* Once, Sir? There was nothing done to her once.

'*Elb.* I beſeech you, Sir, ask him what this Man did 'to my Wife.

'*Clown.* I beſeech your Honour ask me.

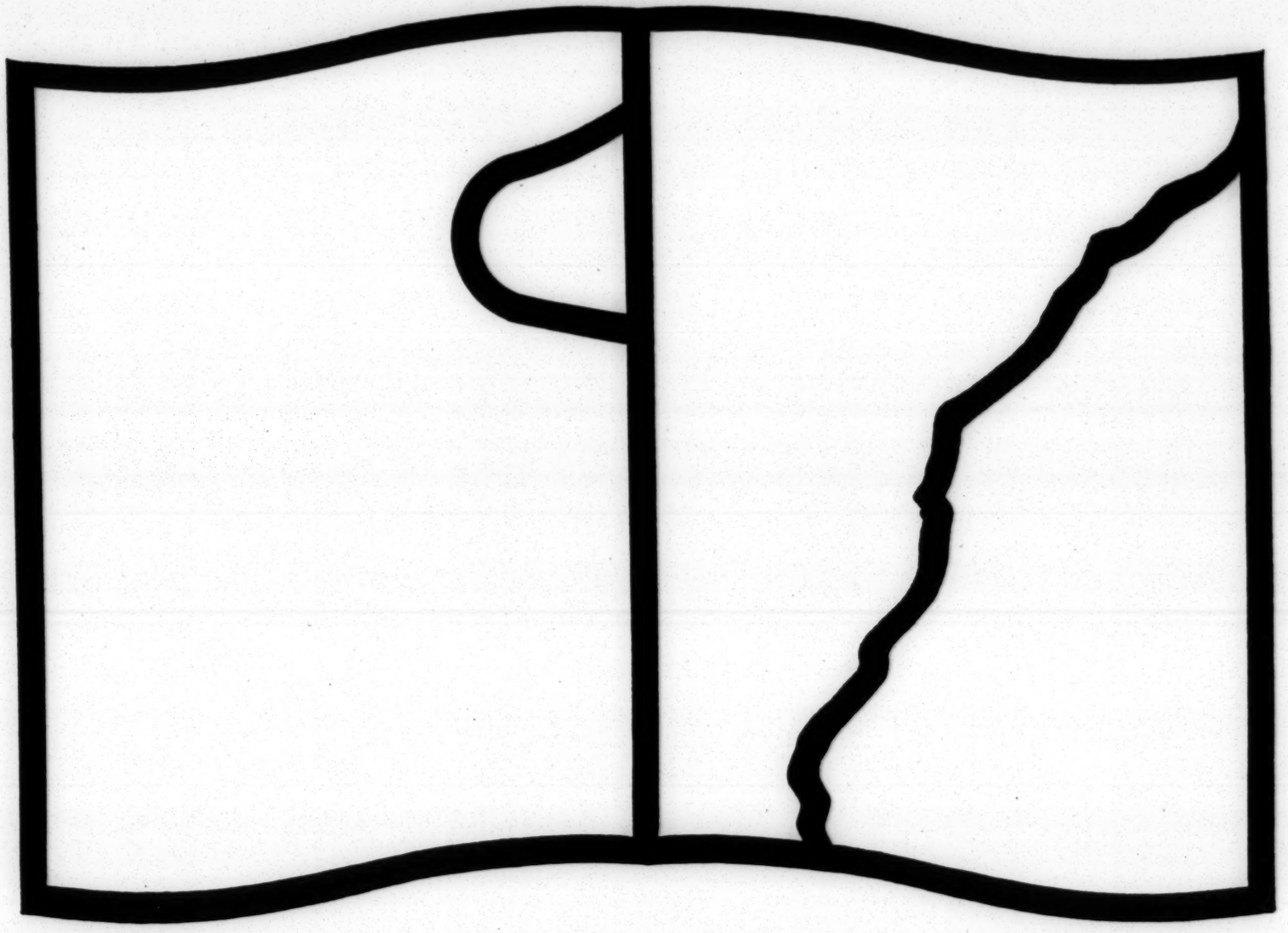
'*Eſcal.* Well, Sir, what did this Gentleman to her?

'*Clown.* I beſeech you, Sir, look in this Gentleman's 'Face; good Maſter *Froth*, look upon his Honour; 'tis 'for a good Purpoſe; doth your Honour mark his Face?

'*Eſcal.* Ay, Sir, very well.

'*Clown.* Nay, I beſeech you mark it well.

'*Eſcal.*



DAMAGED ORIGINAL

'*Escal.* Well, I do so.

'*Clown.* Doth your Honour see any Harm in his Face?

'*Escal.* Why, no.

'*Clown.* I'll be suppos'd upon a Book, his Face is the 'worst thing about him: Good then; if his Face be the 'worst thing about him, how could Master *Froth* do the 'Constable's Wife any harm? I would know that of your 'Honour.

'*Escal.* He's in the right; Constable, what say you to it?

'*Elb.* First, and it like you, the House is a respected 'House; next, this is a respected Fellow; and his Mi-'stress is a respected Woman.

'*Clown.* By this Hand, Sir, his Wife is a more re-'spected Person than any of us all.

'*Elb.* Varlet, thou lieſt; thou lieſt, wicked Varlet; 'the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected 'with Man, Woman, or Child.

'*Clown.* Sir, she was respected with him before he 'marry'd with her.

'*Escal.* Which is the wiser here; *Justice* or *Iniquity*? 'Is this true?

'*Elb.* O thou Caitiff! O thou Varlet! O thou wicked '*Hannibal*! I respected with her, before I was marry'd to 'her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, 'let not your Worship think me the poor Duke's Officer; 'prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal!* or I'll have mine 'Action of Battery on thee.

'*Escal.* If he took you a Box o'th' Ear, you might have 'your Action of Slander too.

'*Elb.* Marry I thank your good Worship for it: 'What it's your Worship's Pleasure I shall do with this 'wicked Caitiff?

'*Escal.* Truly, Officer, because he hath some Offences in 'him, that thou wouldst discover, if thou couldst, let him 'continue in his Courses, 'till thou know'st what they are.

'*Elb.* Marry, I thank your Worship for it; thou seest, 'thou wicked Varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou 'art to continue now, thou Varlet? Thou art to continue.

'*Escal.* Where were you born, Friend? [*To* Froth

'*Froth.* Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

'*Escal.* Are you of fourscore Pounds a Year?

'*Froth.* Yes, an't please you, Sir.

'*Escal.*

'*Escal.* So, What Trade are you of, Sir? [*To the* Clown.

'*Clown.* A Tapster, a poor Widow's Tapster.

'*Escal.* Your Mistress's Name?

'*Clown.* Mistress *Over-don.*

'*Escal.* Hath she had any more than one Husband?

'*Clown.* Nine, Sir; *Over-don* by the last.

'*Escal.* Nine? Come hither to me, Master *Froth*: Master *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with Tapsters; they will draw you, Master *Froth*, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

'*Froth.* I thank your Worship; for mine own Part, I never come into any Room in a Taphouse, but I am drawn in.

'*Escal.* Well; no more of it, Master *Froth*; farewell. [*Exit* Froth.

Come you hither to me, Master Tapster, what's your Name, Master Tapster?

'*Clown. Pompey.*

'*Escal.* What else?

'*Clown. Bum*, Sir.

'*Escal.* Troth, and your Bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sense, you are *Pompey* the great; *Pompey*, you are partly a Bawd, *Pompey*; howsoever you colour it in being a Tapster; are you not? come tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

'*Clown.* Truly, Sir, I am a poor Fellow that would live.

'*Escal.* How would you live, *Pompey*? by being a Bawd? what do you think of the Trade, *Pompey*? is it a lawful Trade?

'*Clown.* If the Law will allow it, Sir.

'*Escal.* But the Law will not allow it, *Pompey*, nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

'*Clown.* Does your Worship mean to geld and splay all the Youth in the City?

'*Escal.* No, *Pompey*.

'*Clown.* Truly, Sir, in my poor Opinion, they will to't then. If your Worship will take Order for the Drabs and Knaves, you need not to fear the Bawds.

'*Escal.* There are pretty Orders beginning, I can tell you: It is but heading and hanging.

'*Clown.* If you head and hang all that offend that way but

'but for ten Years together, you'll be glad to give out a 'Commiſſion for more Heads: If this Law hold in *Vienna* 'ten Years, I'll rent the faireſt Houſe in it after three 'Pence a Day: If you live to ſee this come to paſs, ſay, '*Pompey* told you ſo.

'*Eſcal.* Thank you, good *Pompey*; and in Requital of 'your Prophecy, hark you; I adviſe you let me not find 'you before me again upon any Complaint whatſoever; 'no, not for dwelling where you do: If I do, *Pompey*, I 'ſhall beat you to your Tent, and prove a ſhrewd *Cæſar* 'to you: In plain Dealing, *Pompey*, I ſhall have you whipt: 'So for this Time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

'*Clown.* I thank your Worſhip for your good Counſel; 'but I ſhall follow it as the Fleſh and Fortune ſhall better 'determine.

'Whip me? no, no; let a Carman whip his Jade. 'The valiant Heart's not whipt out of his Trade. [*Exit.*

'*Eſcal.* Come hither to me, Maſter *Elbow*; come hi-'ther, Maſter Conſtable; How long have you been in 'this Place of Conſtable?

'*Elb.* Seven Year and a half, Sir.

'*Eſcal.* I thought by the readineſs in the Office, you 'had continued in it ſome time: You ſay, ſeven Years 'together?

'*Elb.* And a half, Sir.

'*Eſcal.* Alas! it hath been great Pains to you; they 'do you wrong to put you ſo oft upon't: Are there not 'Men in your Ward ſufficient to ſerve it?

'*Elb.* Faith, Sir, few of any Wit in ſuch Matters; as 'they are choſen they are glad to chuſe me for them: I do 'it for ſome piece of Mony, and go through with all.

'*Eſcal.* Look you, bring me in the Names of ſome ſix 'or ſeven, the moſt ſufficient in your Pariſh.

'*Elb.* To your Worſhip's Houſe, Sir?

'*Eſcal.* To my Houſe; fare you well. What's a Clock, 'think you? [*Exit* Elbow.

'*Juſt.* Eleven, Sir.

'*Eſcal.* I pray you go home to Dinner with me.

'*Juſt.* I humbly thank you.

'*Eſcal.* It grieves me for the Death of *Claudio*: 'But there's no Remedy.

'*Juſt.* Lord *Angelo* is ſevere.

'*Eſcal.*

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not it self, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the Nurse of second Woe:
But yet, poor *Claudio*! there is no Remedy.
Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Provost, *and a Servant.*

Serv. He's hearing of a Cause; he will come strait;
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you do; I'll know
His Pleasure; may be he will relent; alas!
He hath but as offended in a Dream:
All Sects, all Ages smack of this Vice; and he
To die for't!

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the Matter, *Provost*?

Prov. Is it your Will *Claudio* shall die to Morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not Order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash.
Under your good Correction, I have seen
When after Execution, Judgment hath
Repented o'er his Doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine;
Do you your Office, or give up your Place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your Honour's Pardon.
What shall be done, Sir, with the groaning *Juliet*?
She's very near her Hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter Place, and that with speed.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Here is the Sister of the Man condemn'd,
Desires Access to you.

Ang. Hath he a Sister?

Prov. Ay, my good Lord, a virtuous Maid,
And to be shortly of a Sister-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Well; let her be admitted.

See

See you the Fornicatreſs be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not laviſh Means;
There ſhall be Order for't.

Enter Lucio *and* Iſabella.

Prov. 'Save your Honour.

Ang. Stay a little while. Y'are welcome; what's your Will?

Iſab. I am a woful Suitor to your Honour,
'Pleaſe but your Honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your Suit!

Iſab. There is a Vice that moſt I do abhor,
And more deſire ſhould meet the Blow of Juſtice,
For which I would not plead, but that I muſt
For which I muſt not plead, but that I am
At War 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the Matter?

Iſab. I have a Brother is condemn'd to die;
I do beſeech you let it be his Fault,
And not my Brother.

Prov. Heav'n give thee moving Graces.

Ang. Condemn the Fault and not the Actor of it?
Why, every Fault's condemn'd ere it be done.
Mine were the very Cipher of a Function,
To fine the Faults, whoſe Fine ſtand in Record,
And let go by the Actor.

Iſab. O juſt, but ſevere Law:
I had a Brother then; —— Heav'n keep your Honour.

Lucio. Give't not o'er ſo: To him again, intreat him,
Kneel down before him, hang upon his Gown:
You are too cold; if you ſhould need a Pin,
You could not with a more tame Tongue deſire it.
To him, I ſay.

Iſab. Muſt he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no Remedy.

Iſab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither Heav'n nor Man grieve at the Mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Iſab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Iſab. But might you do't, and do the World no Wrong,
If ſo your Heart were touch'd with that Remorſe,
As mine is to him?

Ang.

Aug. He's sentene'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why no; I that do speak a Word,
May call it back again: Well, believe this,
No Ceremony that to great ones belongs,
Not the King's Crown, nor the deputed Sword,
The Marshal's Truncheon, nor the Judge's Robe,
Become them with one half so good a Grace
As Mercy does: If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipt like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you be gone.

Isab. I would to Heav'n I had your Potency,
And you were *Isabel*; should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a Judge,
And what a Prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him; there's the Vein.

Ang. Your Brother is a Forfeit of the Law,
And you but waste your Words.

Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the Souls that were, were Forfeit once;
And he that might the 'Vantage best have took,
Found out the Remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of Judgment, should
But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that,
And Mercy then will breathe within your Lips,
Like Man new-made.

Ang. Be you content, fair Maid,
It is the Law, not I, condemns your Brother.
Were he my Kinsman, Brother, or my Son,
It should be thus with him; he must die to Morrow.

Isab. To Morrow? Oh! that's sudden.
Spare him, spare him;
He's not prepar'd for Death: 'Even for our Kitchens
'We kill the Fow'l of Season; shall we serve Heav'n
'With less Respect than we do minister
'To our gross selves? Good, good my Lord, bethink you:
Who is it that have dy'd for this Offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The Law hath not been dead, tho' it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that Evil,

If the first, that did th'Edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his Deed. Now 'tis awake
Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet,
Looks in a Glass that shews what future Evils,
Either now, or by Remissness, new conceiv'd,
And so in Progress to be hatch'd, and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But here they live to end.

Isab. Yet shew some Pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all when I shew Justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd Offence would after gall;
And do him Right, that answering one foul Wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your Brother dies to Morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this Sentence,
And he that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
To have a Giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a Giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great Men thunder
As *Jove* himself does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting petty Officer
Would use his Heav'n for Thunder;
‘ Nothing but Thunder: Merciful Heav'n,
‘ Thou rather with thy sharp and Sulphurous Bolt
‘ Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled Oak,
‘ Than the soft Mirtle: O but Man! proud Man!
‘ Dress't in a little brief Authority,
‘ Most Ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
‘ His glassie Essence, like an angry Ape,
‘ Plays such fantastick Tricks before high Heav'n,
‘ As makes the Angels weep; who with our Spleens
‘ Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, Wench; he will relent;
He's coming: I perceive't.

Prov. Pray Heav'n she win him.

Isab. We cannot weigh our Brother with our self:
Great Men may jest with Saints; 'tis Wit in them,
But in the less foul Prophanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt right, Girl; more o'that.

Isab. That in the Captain's but a cholerick Word,

Which

Which in the Soldier is flat Blaſphemy.
Lucio. Art adviſ'd o' that? More on't.
Ang. Why do you put theſe Sayings upon me?
Iſab. Becauſe Authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of Medicine in it ſelf,
That ſkins the Vice o'th' top. Go to your Boſom,
Knock there, and ask your Heart what it doth know
That's like my Brother's Fault; if it confeſs
A natural Guiltineſs, ſuch as is his,
Let it not ſound a Thought upon your Tongue
Againſt my Brother's Life.
Ang. She ſpeaks, and 'tis ſuch Senſe.
That my Senſe breeds with it. Fare you well.
Iſab. Gentle, my Lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me: Come again to Morrow.
Iſab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my Lord turn back.
Ang. How? Bribe me?
Iſab. Ay, with ſuch Gifts that Heav'n ſhall ſhare with you
Lucio. You had marr'd all elſe.
Iſab. Not with fond Sickles of the teſted Gold,
Or Stones, whoſe Rate are either rich or poor,
As Fancy values them; but with true Prayers,
That ſhall be up at Heav'n, and enter there
Ere Sun riſe: Prayers from preſerved Souls,
From faſting Maids, whoſe Minds are dedicate
To nothing Temporal.
Ang. Well; come to me to Morrow.
Lucio. Go to; 'tis well; away.
Iſab. Heav'n keep your Honour ſafe.
Ang. Amen.
For I am that way going to Temptation,
Where Prayers croſs.
Iſab. At what Hour to Morrow
Shall I attend your Lordſhip?
Ang. At any time 'fore Noon.
Iſab. Save your Honour. [*Ex.* Lucio, Iſabella, & Prov.
Ang. From thee; even from thy Virtue.
What's this? What's this? Is this her Fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who ſins moſt? Ha?
Not ſhe; nor doth ſhe tempt; but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sun,
Does as the Carrion does, not as the Flower,
Corrupt with virtuous Seaſon. Can it be,
That Modeſty may more betray our Senſe,

Than Woman's Lightneſs? Having waſte Ground enough
Shall we deſire the raze the Sanctuary,
And pitch our Evils there? Oh fie, fie, fie;
What doſt thou? Or what art thou, *Angelo*?
Doſt thou deſire her fouly, for thoſe things
That make her good? O let her Brother live
Thieves for their Robbery have Authority,
When Judges ſteal themſelves. What! do I love her,
That I deſire to hear her ſpeak again,
And feaſt upon her Eyes? What is't I dream on?
Oh cunning Enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints doſt bait thy Hook! Moſt dangerous
Is that Temptation, that doth goad us on
To Sin, in loving Virtue; never could the Strumpet,
With all her double Vigour, Art, and Nature,
Once ſtir my Temper: But this virtuous Maid
Subdues me quite; even 'till now,
When Men were fond, I ſmil'd, and wondred how. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Priſon.*

Enter Duke habited like a Friar, and Provoſt.

Duke. Hail to you, *Provoſt*; ſo I think you are.

Prov. I am the *Provoſt*; what's your Will, good *Friar*?

Duke. Bound by my Charity, and my bleſt Order,
I come to viſit the afflicted Spirits
Here in the Priſon; do me the common Right
To let me ſee them, and to make me know
The nature of their Crimes; that I may miniſter
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look here comes one; a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the Flaws of her own Youth,
Hath bliſter'd her Report, She is with Child,
And he that got it, ſentenc'd: A young Man
More fit to do another ſuch Offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When muſt he die?

Prov. As I do think, to Morrow.
I have provided for you: ſtay a while,
And you ſhall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the Sin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the Shame more patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you ſhall arraign your Con-[ſcience,
And try your Penitence, if it be ſound.
Or hollowly put on. *Juliet.*

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the Man that wrong'd you?
Juliet. Yes, as I love the Woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So then it ſeems your moſt offenceful Act
Was mutually committed.
Juliet. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your Sin of heavier kind than his.
Juliet. I do confeſs it, and repent it, Father.
Duke. 'Tis meet ſo, Daughter: but leaſt do you repent
As that the Sin hath brought you to this Shame,
Which Sorrow's always tow'rds ourſelves not Heav'n,
Showing we'd not ſpare Heav'n, as we love it,
But as we ſtand in fear.
Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an Evil,
And take the Shame with Joy.
Duke. There reſt.
Your Partner, as I hear, muſt die to Morrow,
And I am going with Inſtruction to him;
Grace go with you; *Benedici e.* [*Exit.*
Juliet. Muſt die to Morrow! Oh injurious Love,
That reſpites me a Life, whoſe very comfort
Is ſtill a dying Horror!
Prov. 'Tis pity of him, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Palace.*

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To ſeveral Subjects: Heav'n hath my empty Words,
Whilſt my Invention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on *Iſabel:* Heav'n's in my Mouth,
As if I did but only chew his Name,
And in my Heart the ſtrong and ſwelling Evil
Of my Conception: The State whereon I ſtudied
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd, and tedious; yea my Gravity,
Wherein (let no Man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle Plume
Which the Air beats for vain: Oh Place! oh Form!
How often doſt thou wiſh thy Caſe, thy Habit,
Wrench Awe from Fools, and tie the wiſer Souls
To thy falſe ſeeming? 'Blood, thou art Blood:
'Let's write good Angel on the Devil's Horn;
''Tis not the Devil's Creſt.' How now? who's there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. One *Iſabel*, a Siſter deſires Acceſs to you.

Ang. Teach her the Way. — [*Ex. Serv.*] Oh Heav'ns!
Why doth my Blood thus muſter to my Heart,
Making both it unable for itſelf,
And diſpoſſeſſing all my other Parts.
Of neceſſary fitneſs?
So play the fooliſh Throngs with one that ſwoons;
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the Air
By which he ſhould revive; and even ſo
The general Subjects to a well-wiſht King,
Quit their own part, and in obſequious Fondneſs
Crowd to his Preſence, where their untaught Love
Muſt needs appear Offence. How now, fair Maid?

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. I am come to know your Pleaſure?
Ang. That you might know it, would much better pleaſe me,
Than to demand what 'tis, you Brother cannot live.
Iſab. Even ſo? — Heav'n keep your Honour. [*Going.*
Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and it may be
As long as you or I; yet he muſt die.
Iſab. Under your Sentence?
Ang. Yea.
Iſab. When, I beſeech you? that, in his Reprieve,
Longer or ſhorter, he may be ſo fitted,
That his Soul ſicken not.
Ang. Ha? fie, theſe filthy Vices! it were as good
To pardon him, that hath from Nature ſtol'n
A Man already made, as to remit
Their ſawcy Sweetneſs, that do coin Heav'n's Image
In Stamps that are forbid? 'tis all as eaſie,
'Falſely to take away a Life true made:
'As to put Mettle in reſtrained means,
To make a falſe one.
Iſab. 'Tis ſet down ſo in Heav'n, but not in Earth.
Ang. Say you ſo? Then I ſhall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the moſt juſt Law
Now took your Brother's Life; or to redeem him,
Give up your Body to ſuch ſweet Uncleanneſs
As ſhe that he hath ſtain'd?
Iſab. Sir, believe this.
I had rather give my Body than my Soul.
Ang. I talk not of your Soul; our compell'd Sins
Stand more for Number than Accompt.
Iſab. How ſay you?
Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can ſpeak

Againſt

Againſt the thing I ſay. Anſwer to this:
I, now the Voice of the recorded Law,
Pronounce a Sentence of your Brother's Life:
Might there not be a Charity in Sin,
To ſave this Brother's Life?

Iſab. Pleaſe you to do't,
I'll take it as a Peril to my Soul;
It is no Sin at all, but Charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at Peril of your Soul,
Were equal poize of Sin and Charity.

Iſab. That I do beg his Life, if it be Sin,
Heav'n let me bear it; you granting of my Suit,
If that be Sin, I'll make it my Morn-pray'r,
To have it added to the Faults of mine,
And nothing of your Anſwer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your Senſe purſues not mine: Either you are ignorant,
Or ſeem ſo, craftily; and that's not good,

Iſab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus Wiſdom wiſhes to appear moſt bright,
When it doth tax itſelf: 'As theſe black Maſques
'Proclaim an en-ſhield Beauty ten times louder
'Than Beauty could diſplay'd.' But mark me,
To be received plain, I'll ſpeak more groſs,
Your Brother is to die.

Iſab. So.

Ang. And his Offence is ſo, as it appears,
Accountant to the Law upon that pain.

Iſab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to ſave his Life,
As I ſubſcribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loſs of Queſtion, that you, his Siſter,
Finding yourſelf deſir'd of ſuch a Perſon,
Whoſe Credit with the Judge, or own great Place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles
Of the all-holding Law; and that there were
No earthly Mean to ſave him, but that either
You muſt lay down the Treaſures of your Body,
To this ſuppos'd, or elſe to let him ſuffer;
What would you do?

Iſab. As much for my poor Brother as myſelf;
That is, were I under the Terms of Death,
Th' Impreſſion of keep Whips I'd wear as Rubies,

And ſtrip myſelf to Death, as to a Bed,
That longing I've been ſick for, ere I'd yield
My Body up to Shame.
Ang. Then muſt your Brother die.
Iſab. And 'twere the cheaper way;
Better it were a Brother dy'd at once,
Than that a Siſter, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.
Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the Sentence
That you have ſlander'd ſo?
Iſab. Ignominy in Ranſom, and free Pardon,
Are of two Houſes; lawful Mercy
Is nothing kin to ſoul Redemption.
Ang. You ſeem'd of late to make the Law a Tyrant,
And rather prov'd the ſliding of your Brother
A Meriment than a Vice.
Iſab. Oh pardon me, my Lord; it olt falls out,
To have what we would have, we ſpeak not what we mean:
I ſomething do excuſe the thing I hate,
For his Advantage that I dearly love.
Ang. We are all frail.
Iſab. Elſe let my Brother die.
'If not a Feodary but only he
'Owe, and ſucceed by Weakneſs.
Ang. Nay, Women are frail too.
Iſab. Ay, as the Glaſſes where they view themſelves;
Which are as eaſy broke as they make Forms.
'Women! Help Heav'n; Men their Creation mar
'In profiting by them: Nay, call us ten times frail;
'For we are ſoft, as our Complexions are,
'And credulous to falſe Prints.
Ang. I think it well;
And from this Teſtimony of your own Sex,
Since I ſuppoſe we're made to be no ſtronger
Than Faults may ſhake our Frames, let me be bold;
I do arreſt your Words: Be that you are,
That is, a Woman; if you be more, you're none.
If you be one, as you are well expreſt
By all external Warrants, ſhew it now,
By putting on the deſtin'd Livery.
Iſab. I have no Tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me intreat you ſpeak the former Language.
Ang. Plainly conceive I love you.

Iſab.

Isab. My Bother did love *Juliet*;
/ nd you tell me that he ſhall die for it.
Ang. He ſhall not, *Iſabel*, if you give me Love.
Iſab. I know your Virtue hath a Licence in't,
Which ſeems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.
Ang. Believe me on mine Honour,
My Words expreſs my purpoſe.
Iſab. Ha! Little Honour to be much believ'd,
And moſt pernicious Purpoſe! Seeming, ſeeming.
I will proclaim thee, *Angelo*; look for't:
Sign me a preſent Pardon for my Brother,
Or with an out-ſtretch'd Throat I'll tell the World
Aloud what Man thou art.
Ang. Who will believe thee, *Iſabel*?
My unſoil'd Name, th' Auſterenels of my Life,
My Vouch againſt you, and my Place i'th' State,
Will ſo your Acculation over-weigh,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your own Report,
And ſmell of Calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my ſenſual Race the Rein;
Fit thy Conſent to my ſharp Appetite,
Lay by all Nicety, and prolixious Bluſhes
That baniſh what they ſue for: Redeem thy Brother
By yielding up thy Body to my Will;
Or elſe he muſt not only die the Death,
But thy Unkindneſs ſhall his Death draw out
To lingring Sufferance. Anſwer me to Morrow,
Or by th' Affection that now guides me moſt,
I'll prove a Tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my falſe o'erweighs your true. [*Exit.*
Iſab. To whom ſhould I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous Mouths,
That bear in them one and the ſelf-ſame Tongue,
Either of Condemnation or Approof:
'Bidding the Law make Curtſie to their Will,
'Hooking both Right and Wrong to th' Appetite,
'To follow as it draws.' I'll to my Brother;
Tho' he hath fallen by Prompture of the Blood,
Yet hath he in him ſuch a Mind of Honour,
That had he twenty Heads to tender down
On twenty bloody Blocks, h'd yield them up;
Before his Siſter ſhould her Body ſtoop
To ſuch abhor'd Pollution.

Then *Iſabel* live chaſte, and Brother die;
More than our Brother is our Chaſtity.
I'll tell him yet of *Angelo*'s Requeſt,
And fit his Mind to Death for his Soul's Reſt. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Priſon.*

Enter Duke, Claudio, *and* Provoſt.

Duke. SO, then you hope of Pardon from Lord *Angelo*?

Claud. The miſerable have no other Medicine
But only Hope: I've hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be abſolute for Death; either Death or Life
Shall thereby be the ſweeter. Reaſon thus with Life;
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing,
That none but Fools would keep; a Breath thou art,
Servile to all the Skiey Influences;
That doſt this Habitation where thou keep'ſt
Hourly afflict: Meerly thou art Death's Fool;
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet runn'ſt tow'rd him ſtill. Thou art not noble:
For all th' Accommodations that thou bear'ſt,
Are nurs'd by Baſeneſs: Thou'rt by no means valiant;
For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender Fork
Of a poor Worm. Thy beſt of Reſt is Sleep,
And that thou oft' provok'ſt, yet groſly fear'ſt
Thy Death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thy ſelf,
For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thouſand Grains
That iſſue out of Duſt. Happy thou art not;
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get,
And what thou haſt, forgett'ſt. 'Thou art not certain,
'For thy Complexion ſhifts to ſtrange Effects,
'After the Moon.' If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For like an Aſs, whoſe Back with Ingots bows,
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy Riches but a Journey,
And Death unloadeth thee. Friend haſt thou none;
For thine own Bowels, which do call thee Sire,
The meer Effuſion of thy proper Loins,
Do cu.ſe the *Gout*, *Serpigo* and the *Rheum*,
For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt nor Youth, nor Age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's Sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy bleſſed Youth

Becomes

Becomes as aged, and doth beg the Alms
Of palſied-Eld; and when thou'rt old, and rich,
Thou haſt neither Heat, Affection, Limb, nor Beauty
To make thy Riches pleaſant. What's yet in this
That bears the Name of Life? Yet in this Life
Lye hid more thouſand Deaths; yet Death we fear,
That makes theſe Odds all Even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To ſue to live, I find I ſeek to die,
And ſeeking Death, find Life: Let it come on,

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. What hoa? Peace here, Grace and good Company.

Prov. Who's there? Come in: The Wiſh deſerves a Welcome.

Duke. Dear Sir, ere long I'll viſit you again.

Claud. Moſt holy Sir, I thank you.

Iſab. My buſineſs is a Word or two with *Claudio*.

Prov. And very welcome. Look Signior, here's your Siſter.

Duke. Proveſt, a Word with you.

Prov. As many as you pleaſe.

Duke. Bring them to ſpeak where I may be conceal'd, yet hear them. [*Exeunt* Duke *and* Provoſt.

Claud. Now, Siſter, what's the Comfort?

Iſab. Why,
As all Comforts are; moſt good, moſt good indeed:
Lord *Angelo* having Affairs to Heav'n,
Intends you for a ſwift Ambaſſador;
Where you ſhall be an everlaſting Lieger;
Therefore your beſt Appointment make with ſpeed.
To Morrow you ſet on.

Claud. Is there no Remedy?

Iſab. None, but ſuch Remedy, as to ſave a Head
To cleave a Heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Iſab. Yes, Brother, you may live:
There is a deviliſh Mercy in the Judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your Life,
But fetter you till Death.

Claud. Perpetual Durance?

Iſab. Ay juſt, perpetual Durance, a Reſtraint,
Tho' all the World's Vaſtidity you had,
To a determin'd Scope.

Claud. But in what Nature?

Iſab. In ſuch a one, as you conſenting to't,

Would bark your Honour from that Trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
Claud. Let me know the Point.
Isab. Oh, I do fear thee. *Claudio*, and I quake,
Leſt thou a fev'rous Life ſhou'dſt entertain,
And ſix or ſeven Winters more reſpect
Than a perpetual Honour. Dar'ſt thou die?
The Senſe of Death is moſt in Apprehenſion,
And the poor Beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal Sufference finds a Pang as great,
As when a Giant dies.
Claud. Why give you me this Shame?
Think you I can a Reſolution fetch
From flow'ry Tenderneſs? If I muſt die,
I will encounter Darkneſs as a Bride,
And hug it in mine Arms.
Iſab. There ſpake my Brother; there my Father's Grave
Did utter forth a Voice. Yea, thou muſt die:
Thou art too noble to conſerve a Life
In baſe Appliances. This outward ſainted Deputy,
Whoſe ſettled Viſage and deliberate Word
Nips Youth i'th' Head, and Follies doth emmew,
As Faulcon doth the Fowl, is yet a Devil:
His Filth within being caſt, he would appear
A Pond as deep as Hell.
Claud. The Princely *Angelo*?
Iſab. Oh 'tis the cunning Livery of Hell,
The damned'ſt Body to inveſt and cover
In Princely Guards. Doſt thou think, *Claudio*,
If I would yield him my Virginity,
Thou might'ſt be freed?
Claud. Oh Heav'ns, it cannot be!
Iſab. Yes, he would give't thee; from this rank Offence
So to offend him ſtill. This Night the time
That I ſhould do what I abhor to name,
Or elſe thou dy'ſt to Morrow.
Claud. Thou ſhalt not do't.
Iſab. Oh, were it but my Life,
I'd throw it down for your Deliverance
As frankly as a Pin.
Claud. Thanks, dear *Iſabel*.
Iſab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your Death to Morrow.
Claud. Yes. Has he Affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by th' Noſe,

When

When he would force it? Sure it is no Sin;
Or of the deadly ſeven it is the leaſt.
Iſab. Which is the leaſt?
Claud. If it were damnable, he being ſo wiſe,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? Oh *Iſabel*!
Iſab. What ſays my Brother?
Claud. Death is a fearful thing.
Iſab. And ſhamed Life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where:
To lye in cold Obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible warm Motion, to become
A kneaded Clod; and the delighted Spirit
To bathe in fiery Floods, or to reſide
In thrilling Regions of thick-ribbed Ice,
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs Winds,
And blown with reſtleſs Violence round about
The pendant World; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſs and incertain Thought
Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible!
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly Life,
That Age, Ach, Penury, and Impriſonment
Can lay on Nature, is a Paradiſe
To what we fear of Death.
Iſab. Alas! alas!
Claud. Sweet Siſter, let me live.
What Sin you do to ſave a Brother's Life,
Nature diſpenſes with the Deed ſo far,
That it becomes a Virtue.
Iſab. O you Beaſt!
Oh faithleſs Coward! oh diſhoneſt Wretch!
Wilt thou be made a Man out of my Vice?
Is't not a kind of Inceſt, to take Life
From thine own Siſter's Shame? What ſhould I think?
Heav'n ſhild my Mother plaid my Father fair:
For ſuch a warped ſlip of Wilderneſs
Ne'er iſſu'd from his Blood. Take my Defiance,
Die, periſh! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy Fate, it ſhould proceed.
I'll pay a thouſand Prayers for thy Death;
No Word to ſave thee.
Claud. Nay, hear me, *Iſabel.*
Iſab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!
Thy Sin's not accidental, but a Trade;

Mercy to thee would prove it ſelf a Bawd;
'Tis beſt that thou dy'ſt quickly.

Claud. O hear me, *Iſabella.*

Enter Duke *and* Provoſt.

Duke. Vouchſafe a Word, young Siſter, but one Word.

Iſab. What is your Will?

Duke. Might you diſpenſe with your Leiſure, I would by and by have ſome Speech with you: The Satisfaction I would require, is likewiſe your own Benefit.

Iſab. I have no ſuperfluous Leiſure; my ſtay muſt be ſtolen out of other Affairs: But I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I have over-heard what hath paſt between you and your Siſter. *Angelo* had never the Purpoſe to corrupt her; only he hath made an Eſſay of her Virtue, to practiſe his Judgment with the Diſpoſition of Natures. She, having the truth of Honour in her, hath made him that gracious Denial, which he is moſt glad to receive: I am Confeſſor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare your ſelf to Death. Do not ſatisfie your Reſolution with Hopes that are fallable; to Morrow you muſt die; go to your Knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my Siſter Pardon; I am ſo out of love with Life, that I will ſue to be rid of it. [*Exit* Claud.

Duke. Hold you there; farewel. *Provoſt*, a Word with you.

Prov. What's your Will, Father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone; leave me a while with the Maid; my Mind promiſes with my Habit, no loſs ſhall touch her by my Company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit* Prov.

Duke. The Hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good; the Goodneſs that is cheap in Beauty, makes Beauty brief in Goodneſs; but Grace being the Soul of your Complexion, ſhall keep the Body of it ever fair; the Aſſault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath convey'd to my Underſtanding; and but that Frailty hath Examples for his Falling, I ſhould wonder at *Angelo*: How will you do to content this Subſtitute, and to ſave your Brother?

Iſab. I am now going to reſolve him: I had rather my Brother die by the Law, than my Son ſhould be unlawfully born. But, oh, how much is the good Duke deceived in *Angelo*: If ever he return, and I can ſpeak to him, I will open my Lips in vain, or diſcover his Government.

Duke.

Duke. That ſhall not be much amiſs; yet, as the Matter now ſtands, he will avoid your Accuſation; He made Tryal of you only. Therefore faſten your Ear on my Adviſings, to the Love I have in doing good; a Remedy preſents it ſelf. I do make my ſelf believe that you may moſt uprighteouſly do a poor wronged Lady a merited Benefit; redeem your Brother from the angry Law; do no Stain to your own gracious Perſon, and much pleaſe the abſent Duke, if peradventure he ſhall ever return to have hearing of this Buſineſs.

Iſab. Let me hear you ſpeak, Father: I have Spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the Truth of my Spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and Goodneſs never fearful: Have you not heard ſpeak of *Mariana*, the Siſter of *Frederick*, the great Soldier, who miſcarry'd at Sea?

Iſab. I have heard of the Lady, and good Words went with her Name.

Duke. She ſhould this *Angelo* have marry'd; was affianced to her by Oath, and the Nuptials appointed: Between which time of the Contract, and limit of the Solemnity, her Brother *Frederick* was wreckt at Sea, having in that periſh'd Veſſel the Dowry of his Siſter. But mark how heavily this befel to the poor Gentlewoman; there ſhe loſt a noble and renowned Brother, in his Love toward her ever moſt kind and natural; with him the Portion and Sinew of her Fortune, her Marriage-dowry; with both, her Combinate-husband, this well-ſeeming *Angelo*.

Iſab. Can this be ſo? Did *Angelo* ſo leave her?

Duke. Left her in her Tears, and dry'd not one of them with his Comfort; ſwallowed his Vows whole, pretending in her Diſcoveries of Diſhonour: In few Words, beſtowed her on her own Lamentation, which ſhe yet wears for his ſake; and he, a Marble to her Tears, is waſhed with them, but relents not.

Iſab. What a Merit were it in Death to take this poor Maid from the World! What Corruption in this Life, that it will let this Man live! But how out of this can ſhe avail?

Duke. It is a Rupture that you may eaſily heal; and the Cure of it not only ſaves your Brother, but keeps you from Diſhonour in doing it.

Iſab. Shew me how, good Father.

Duke. This fore-nam'd Maid hath yet in her the Continuance of her firſt Affection: his unjuſt Unkindneſs, that

in

in all Reaſon ſhould have quenched her Love, hath, like an Impediment in the Current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to *Angelo*, anſwering his requiring with a plauſible Obedience: agree with his Demands to the point: Only, refer your ſelf to this Advantage; firſt, that your ſtay with him may not be long; that the Time may have all Shadow and Silence in it; and the Place anſwer to Convenience. This being granted, in Courſe now, follows all; We ſhall adviſe this wronged Maid to ſtead up your Appointment, go in your Place; if the Encounter acknowledge it ſelf hereafter, it may compel him to her Recompence; and here, by this your Brother ſaved, your Honour untainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy ſcaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his Attempt: If you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubleneſs of the Benefit defends the Deceit from Reproof. What think you of it?

Iſab. The Image of it gives me Content already, and I truſt it will grow to a moſt proſperous Perfection.

Duke. It lyes much in your holding up; haſte you ſpeedily to *Angelo*; if for this Night he intreat you to his Bed, give him Promiſe of Satisfaction. I will preſently to St. *Luke*'s; there at the moated Grange reſides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call upon me, and diſpatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Iſab. I thank you for this Comfort: Fare you well, good Father. [*Exit.*

Enter Elbow, Clown, *and Officers.*

Elb. Nay, if there be no Remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and ſell Men and Women like Beaſts, we ſhall have all the World drink brown and white Baſtard.

Duke. Oh Heavn's! what ſtuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry World ſince of two Uſuries the merrieſt was put down, and the worſer allow'd by Order of Law, a furr'd Gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with Fox and Lambs-skins too, to ſignifie that Craft being richer than Innocency, ſtands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, Sir: Bleſs you, good Father *Friar.*

Duke. And you, good Brother Father; what Offence hath this Man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the Law; and, Sir, we take him to be a Thief too, Sir; for we have found upon him, Sir, a ſtrange Pick-lock, which we have ſent to the Deputy. *Duke.*

Duke. Fie, Sirrah, a Bawd, a wicked Bawd;
The Evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live. ‘ Do thou but th'nk
‘ What 'tis to cram a Maw, or cloath a Back
‘ From ſuch a filthy Vice: Say to thy ſelf,
‘ From their abominable and beaſtly Touches,
‘ I drink, I eat away my ſelf, and live.
Canſt thou believe thy Living is a Life,
So ſtinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clown. Indeed it does ſtink in ſome ſort, Sir:
But yet, Sir, I would prove———

Duke. Nay, if the Devil have given thee Proofs for Sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to Priſon Officer;
Correction and Inſtruction muſt both work,
Ere this rude Beaſt will profit.

Elb. He muſt before the Deputy, Sir; he has given him Warning; the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-maſter; if he be a Whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a Mile on his Errand.

Duke. That we were all, as ſome would ſeem to be,
Free from all Faults, as Faults from ſeeming free.

Enter Lucio.

‘ *Elb.* His Neck will come to your Waſte, a Cord, Sir.

Clown. I ſpy Comfort; I cry Bail: Here's a Gentleman, and a Friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble *Pompey*? What, at the Wheels of *Cæſar*? art thou led in Triumph? What, is there none of *Pigmalion*'s Images newly made Women to be had now, ‘ for putting the Hand in the Pocket, and extracting it ‘ clouch'd? What Reply? Hay? What ſay'ſt thou to ‘ this Tune, Matter and Method? Is't not drown'd i'th' ‘ laſt Rain? Ha? What ſay'ſt thou, Trot? Is the World ‘ as it was, Man? Which is the Way? Is it ſad, and few ‘ Words? Or how? The Trick of it?

‘ *Duke.* Still thus, and thus; ſtill worſe?

Lucio. How doth my dear Morſel, thy Miſtreſs? Procures ſhe ſtill? Ha?

Clown. Troth, Sir, ſhe hath eaten up all the Beef, and ſhe is her ſelf in the Tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it muſt be ſo. Ever your freſh Whore, and your powder'd Bawd, an unſhunn'd Conſequence, it muſt be ſo. Art going to Priſon, *Pompey*?

Clown. Yes, Faith, Sir.

Lucio.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiſs, *Pompey*: Farewell: Go, ſay I ſent thee thither; for Debt, *Pompey*? Or how?

Elb. For being a Bawd, for being a Bawd.

Lucio. Well, then impriſon him; if Impriſonment be the due of a Bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he doubtleſs, and of Antiquity too; Bawd born. Farewell, good *Pompey*: Commend me to the Priſon, *Pompey*; you will turn good Husband now, *Pompey*; you will keep the Houſe.

Clown. I hope, Sir, your good Worſhip will be my Bail.

Lucio. No indeed will I not, *Pompey*; it is not the wear; I will pray, *Pompey*, to encreaſe your Bondage, if you take it not patiently: Why, your Mettle is the more: Adieu, truſty *Pompey*.
Bleſs you, *Friar*.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does *Bridget* paint ſtill, *Pompey*? Ha!

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, Sir?

Lucio. Then, *Pompey*, nor now. What News abroad, *Friar*? What News?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Lucio. Go to Kennel, *Pompey*, go:

[*Exeunt* Elbow, Clown, *and Officers.*

What News, *Friar*, of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some ſay, he is with the Emperor of *Ruſſia*; other ſome, he is in *Rome*: But where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but whereſoever, I wiſh him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantaſtical Trick of him, to ſteal from the State, and uſurp the Beggary he was never born to. Lord *Angelo* Dukes it well in his Abſence; he puts Tranſgreſſion to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more Lenity to Leachery would do no harm in him; ſomething too crabbed that way, *Friar*.

Duke. It is too general a Vice, and Severity muſt cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good ſooth, the Vice is of great Kindred; it is well ally'd; but it is impoſible to extirp it quite, *Friar*, till eating and drinking be put down. They ſay, this *Angelo* was not made by Man and Woman, after

ter this downright way of Creation; is it true, think you?

Duke. How ſhould he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a Sea-maid ſpawn'd him. Some, that he was begot between two Stock-fiſhes. 'But it is 'certain, that when he makes Water, his Urine is con-'geal'd Ice; that I know to be true; and he is a Motion 'generative; that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleaſant, Sir, and ſpeak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthleſs thing is this in him, 'for 'the Rebellion of a Cod-piece, to take away the Life of 'a Man? Would the Duke that is abſent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a Man for the getting a hundred Baſtards, he would have paid for the nurſing a thouſand. He had ſome feeling of the Sport, he knew the Service, and that inſtructed him to Mercy.

Duke. I never heard the abſent Duke much detected for Woman; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not poſſible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your Beggar of fifty; and his uſe was, to put a Ducket in her Clack-diſh; the Duke had Crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong ſurely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an Inward of his; a ſhy-Fellow was the Duke; and I believe I know the Cauſe of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, pr'ythee, might be the Cauſe?

Lucio. No; Pardon: 'Tis a Secret muſt be lockt within the Teeth and the Lips; but this I can let you underſtand, the greater File of the Subject held the Duke to be wiſe.

Duke. Wiſe? Why no queſtion but he was.

Lucio. A very ſuperficial, ignorant, unweighing Fellow.

Duke. Either this is Envy in you, Folly, or Miſtaking: The very ſtream of his Life, and the Buſineſs he hath helmed, muſt upon a warranted need give him a better Proclamation. Let him be but teſtimonied in his own bringings forth, and he ſhall appear to the envious a Scholar, a Stateſman, and a Soldier; therefore you ſpeak unskilfully; or if your Knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your Malice.

Lucio.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better Knowledge, and Knowledge with dear Love.

Lucio. Come, Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, ſince you know not what you ſpeak. But if ever the Duke return, as our Prayers are he may, let me deſire you to make your Anſwer before him: If it be honeſt you have ſpoke, you have Courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and I pray you your Name?

Lucio. Sir, my Name is *Lucio*, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He ſhall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an Oppoſite; but indeed I can do you little harm: You'll forſwear this again?

Lucio. I'll be hang'd firſt: Thou art deceiv'd in me, *Friar*. But no more of this. Canſt thou tell if *Claudio* die to Morrow, or no?

Duke. Why ſhould he die, Sir?

Lucio. Why? For filling a Bottle with a Tun-diſh: 'would the Duke we talk of were return'd again; this 'ungenitur'd Agent will unpeople the Province with Con-'tinency. Sparrows muſt not build in his Houſe-eves, be-'cauſe they are letcherous. The Duke yet would have 'dark Deeds darkly anſwered; he would never bring them 'to light; would he were return'd. Marry this *Claudio* 'is condemned for untruſſing.' Farewel, good *Friar*, I pr'ythee pray for me: The Duke, I ſay to thee again, would eat Mutton on *Fridays*. He's now paſt it; yet, and I ſay to thee, he would mouth with a Beggar, tho' ſhe ſmel't of brown Bread and Garlick: Say, that I ſaid ſo: Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No Might nor Greatneſs in Mortality
Can cenſure 'ſcape: Back-wounding Calumny
The whiteſt Virtue ſtrikes. What King ſo ſtrong
Can tie the Gall up in the ſlanderous Tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Eſcalus, Provoſt *and* Bawd.

Eſcal. Go, away with her to Priſon.

Bawd. Good my Lord, be good to me: your Honour is accounted a merciful Man: Good my Lord. *Eſcal.*

Eſcal. Double and treble Admonition, and ſtill forfeit in the ſame kind? This would make Mercy ſwear, and play the Tyrant.

Prov. A Bawd of eleven Years continuance, may it pleaſe your Honour.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one *Lucio*'s Information againſt me: Miſtreſs *Kate Keep-down* was with Child by him in the Duke's time; he promis'd her Marriage: His Child is a Year and a Quarter old, come *Philip* and *Jacob*: I have kept it my ſelf; and ſee how he goes about to abuſe me.

Eſcal. That Fellow is a Fellow of much Licence; let him be call'd before us. Away with her to Priſon: Go to; no more Words. [*Exeunt with the* Bawd. *Proveſt*, my Brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd; *Claudio* muſt die to Morrow: Let him be furniſh'd with Divines, and have charitable Preparation. If my Brother wrought by my Pity, it ſhould not be ſo with him.

Pro. So p'eaſe you, this *Friar* hath been with him, and advis'd him for the Entertainment of Death.

Eſcal. Good Even, good Father.

Duke. Bliſs and Goodneſs on you.

Eſcal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this Country, tho' my Chance is now
To uſe it for my time: I am a Brother
Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea,
In ſpecial Buſineſs from his Holineſs.

Eſcal. What News abroad i'th the World?

Duke. None, but that there is ſo great a Fever on Goodneſs, the Diſſolution of it muſt cure it. Novelty is only in Requeſt; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of Courſe, as it is virtuous to be conſtant in any Undertaking. There is ſcarce Truth enough alive to make Societies ſecure; but ſecurity enough to make Fellowſhips accurſt. Much upon this Riddle runs the Wiſdom of the World; this News is old enough, yet it is every Day's News. I pray you, Sir, of what Diſpoſition was the Duke?

Eſcal. One, that above all other Striſes,
Contented eſpecially to know himſelf.

Duke. What Pleaſure was he given to?

Eſcal. Rather rejoycing to ſee another merry, than merry

merry at any thing which profeſt to make him rejoice. A Gentleman of all Temperance. But leave him to his Events, with a Prayer they may prove proſperous; and let me deſire to know how you find *Claudio* prepar'd: I am made to underſtand, that you have lent him Viſitation.

Duke. He profeſſes to have received no ſiniſter meaſure from his Judge, but moſt willingly humbles himſelf to the Determination of Juſtice: Yet had he fram'd to himſelf, by the Inſtruction of his Frailty, many deceiving Promiſes of Life, which I, by my good Leiſure, have diſcredited to him, and now is he reſolv'd to die.

Eſcal. You have paid the Heav'ns your Function, and the Priſoner the very Debt of your Calling. I have labour'd for the poor Gentleman, to the extremeſt ſhore of my Modeſty, but my Brother-Juſtice have I found ſo ſevere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed Juſtice.

Duke. If his own Life
Anſwer the Straitneſs of his Proceeding,
It ſhall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail,
He hath ſentenc'd himſelf.

Eſcal. I am going to viſit the Priſoner: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Duke. Peace be with you.
He who the Sword of Heav'n will bear,
Should be as Holy as Severe:
' Pattern in himſelf to know,
' Grace to ſtand, and Virtue go:
More nor leſs to others paying,
Than by Self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whoſe cruel ſtriking,
Kills for Faults of his own liking!
Twice treble Shame on *Angelo*,
To weed my Vice, and let his grow!
Oh, what may Man within him hide,
Tho' Angel on the outward ſide?
' How may Likeneſs made in Crimes,
' Making practiſe on the Times,
' To draw with idle Spider's Strings
' Moſt ponderous and ſubſtantial things?
Craft againſt Vice I muſt apply:
With *Angelo* to Night ſhall lie

His

His old betrothed, but despis'd;
So Disguise shall by th' disguis'd
Pay with Falshood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Mariana, *and Boy singing.*

Song. *TAKE, Oh take those Lips away,*
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those Eyes, the Break of Day,
Lights that do mis-lead the Morn:
But my Kisses bring again,
Seals of Love, but seal'd in vain.

Enter Duke.

Mari. 'Break off thy Song, and haste thee quick away:
'Here comes a Man of Comfort, whose Advice
'Hath often still'd my brawling Discontent.
'I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wish
'You had not found me here so musical:
'Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
'My Mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my Woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; tho' Musick oft hath such a Charm
'To make bad, good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you tell me, hath any Body enquir'd for me here to Day? Much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after: I have sate here all Day.

Enter Isabel.

Duke. I do constantly believe you: The time is come, even now. I shall crave your Forbearance a little; may be I will call upon you anon for some Advantage to your self.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and well come:
What is the News from this good Deputy?

Isab. He hath a Garden circummur'd with Brick,
Whose Western side is with a Vineyard backt;
And to that Vineyard is a planched Gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger Key:
This other doth command a little Door,
Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leads;

There

There have I made my Promiſe, upon the
Heavy middle of the Night, to call upon him.

Duke. But ſhall you on your Knowledge find this Way?

Iſab. I have ta'en a due and wary Note upon't;
With whiſpering, and moſt guilty Diligence,
In Action all of Precept, he did ſhow me
The Way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other Tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her Obſervance?

Iſab. No, none but only a Repair i'th' dark;
And that I have poſſeſt him, my moſt ſtay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know.
I have a Servant comes with me along,
That ſtays upon me, whoſe Perſuaſion is
I come about my Brother.

Duke. 'Tis well born up.
I have not yet made known to *Mariana*
A Word of this. What hoa! within! come forth!

Enter Mariana,

I pray you be acquainted with this Maid;
She comes to do you good.

Iſab. I do deſire the like.

Duke. Do perſuade your ſelf that I reſpect you?

Mari. Good *Friar*, I know you do, and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your Companion by the Hand,
Who hath a Story ready for your Ear:
I ſhall attend your Leiſure; but make haſte;
The vaporous Night approaches.

Mari. Wil't pleaſe you walk aſide? [*Ex.* Mar. *and* Iſab.

Duke. Oh Place and Greatneſs! Millions of falſe Eyes
Are ſtruck upon thee: Volumes of Report
Run with theſe falſe and moſt contrarious Queſts
Upon thy Doings: Thouſand Eſcapes of Wit
Make thee the Father of their idle Dreams,
And rack thee in their Fancies. Welcome, how agreed?

Enter Mariana *and* Iſabel.

Iſab. She'll take the Enterprize upon her, Father,
If you adviſe it.

Duke. It is not my Conſent,
But my Intreaty too.

Iſab. Little have you to ſay
When you depart from him, but ſoft and low;
Remember now my Brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke.

Duke. Nor, gentle Daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your Husband on a Pre-contract;
To bring you thus together, 'tis no Sin,
Sith that the Juſtice of your Title to him
Doth flouriſh the Deceit. Come let us go;
Our Corn's to reap, for yet our Tythes to ſow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Priſon.*

Enter Provoſt *and* Clown.

Prov. Come hither, Sirrah: Can you cut off a Man's Head?

Clown. If the Man be a Batchelor, Sir, I can:
But if he be a marry'd Man, he's his Wife's Head,
And I can never cut off a Woman's Head.

Prov. Come, Sir, leave me your Snatches, and yield me a direct Anſwer. To Morrow Morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine*: Here is in our Priſon a common Executioner, who in his Office lacks a Helper; if you will take it on you to aſſiſt him, it ſhall redeem you from your Gyves: If not, you ſhall have your full time of Impriſonment, and your Deliverance with an unpitied Whipping; for you have been a notorious Bawd.

Bawd. Sir, I have been an unlawful Bawd time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful Hangman: I would be glad to receive ſome Inſtruction from my Fellow-Partner.

Prov. What hoa, *Abhorſon*! where's *Abhorſon* there?

Enter Abhorſon.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a Fellow will help you to Morrow in your Execution: If you think it meet, compound with him by the Year, and let him abide here with you; if not, uſe him for the preſent, and diſmiſs him. He cannot plead his Eſtimation with you; he hath been a Bawd.

Abhor. A Bawd, Sir? Fie upon him, he will diſcredit our Myſtery,

Prov. Go to, Sir; you weigh equally, a Feather will turn the Scale. [*Exit.*

Clown. Pray, Sir, by your good Favour; for ſurely, Sir, a good-Favour you have, but that you have a hanging Look; Do you call, Sir, your Occupation a Myſtery?

Abhor. Ay, Sir, a Myſtery.

Clown. Painting, Sir, I have heard ſay, is a Myſtery; and your Whores, Sir, being Members of my Occupation, uſing

uſing painting, do prove my Occupation a Miſtery: But what Myſtery there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a Myſtery.

Clown. Proof.

Abhor. Every true Man's Apparel fits your Thief.

Clown. If it be too little for your Thief, your true Man thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your Thief, your Thief thinks it little enough: So every true Man's Apparel fits your Thief.

Enter Provoſt.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will ſerve him: For I do find your Hangman is a more penitent Trade than your Bawd; he doth oftner ask Forgiveneſs.

Prov. You, Sirrah, provide your Block and your Ax to Morrow, four a Clock.

Abhor. Come on, Bawd, I will inſtruct thee in my Trade; follow.

Clown. I do, deſire to learn, Sir; and I hope, if you have occaſion to uſe me for your own turn, you ſhall find me yours: For truly, Sir, for your Kindneſs, I owe you a good turn. (*Exit.*

Prov. Call hither *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:
Th' one has my Pity; not a jot the other,
Being a Murtherer, tho' he were my Brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the Warrant, *Claudio*, for thy Death;
'Tis now dead Midnight, and by eight to Morrow
Thou muſt be made Immortal. Where's *Barnardine*?

Claud. As faſt lock'd up in Sleep as guiltleſs Labour.
When it lyes ſtarkly in the Traveller's Bones:
He will not awake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your ſelf. But hark, what Noiſe?
(*Knock within.*
Heav'n give your Spirits Comfort; By and by;
I hope it is ſome Pardon, or Reprieve
For the moſt gentle *Claudio*. Welcome, Father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The beſt and wholſom'ſt Spirits of the Night
Inveſtop you, good *Provoſt*? Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None ſince the Curfew rung.

Duke. Not *Iſabel*?

Prov.

Prov. No.
Duke. They will then, ere't be long.
Prov. What Comfort is for *Claudio*?
Duke. There's ſome in hope.
Prov. It is a bitter Deputy.
Duke. Not ſo, not ſo; his Life is paralleld
Even with the Stroak and Line of his great Juſtice
He doth with holy Abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelf which he ſpurs on his Power
To qualifie in others. Were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being ſo, he's juſt. Now are they come.
[*Knock again.*
This is a gentle *Provoſt*, ſeldom when
The ſteeled Goaler is the Friend of Men.
How now? what Noiſe? That Spirit's poſſeſt with haſte
That wounds th'unreſiſting Poſtern with theſe Stroaks.
Prov. There he muſt ſtay until the Officer
Ariſe to let him in; he is call'd up.
Duke. Have you no Countermand for *Claudio* yet,
But he muſt die to Morrow?
Prov. None, Sir, none.
Duke. As near the Dawning, *Provoſt*, as it is,
You ſhall hear more ere Morning.
Prov. Happily.
You ſomething know; yet I believe there comes
No Countermand, no ſuch Example have we:
Beſides, upon the very Siege of Juſtice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publick Ear
Profeſt the contrary.
Duke. This is his Lordſhip's Man. [*Enter a Meſſenger.*
Prov. And here comes *Claudio*'s Pardon.
Meſſ. My Lord hath ſent you this Note,
And by me this further Charge,
That you ſwerve not from the ſmalleſt Article of it,
Neither in Time, Matter, or other Circumſtance.
Good Morrow; for, as I take it, it is almoſt Day.
Prov. I ſhall obey him. [*Exit.* Meſſen.
Duke. This is his Pardon, purchas'd by ſuch Sin
For which the Pardoner himſelf is in:
Hence hath Offence his quick Celerity,
When it is born in high Authority;

When Vice makes Mercy, Mercy's ſo extended,
That for the Fault's love, is th' Offender friended.
Now, Sir, what News?

Prov. I told you:
Lord *Angelo* be-like, thinking me remiſs
In mine Office, awakens me,
With this unwonted putting on, methinks ſtrangely,
For he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you let's hear.

Provoſt *reads the Letter.*

Whatſoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio *be executed by four of the Clock, and in the Afternoon* Barnardine: *For my better Satisfacti n, let me have* Claudio's *Head ſent me by five. Let this be duly performed, with a Thought that m re depends en it than we muſt yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your Office, as you will anſwer it at your Peril.*

What ſay you to this, Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in th' Afternoon?

Prov. A *Bohemian* born; but here nurſt up and bred, One that is a Priſoner nine Years old.

Duke. How came it, that the abſent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his Liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do ſo.

Prov. His Friends ſtill wrought Reprieves for him; And indeed his Fact, 'till now in the Government of Lord *Angelo*, came not to an undoubtful Proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Moſt manifeſt, and not deny'd by himſelf.

Duke. Hath he born himſelf penitently in Priſon? How ſeems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A Man that apprehends Death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken Sleep, careleſs, wreakleſs, and fearleſs of what's paſt, preſent, or to come; inſenſible of Mortality, and deſperately mortal.

Duke. He wants Advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liberty

berty of the Priſon. Give him leave to eſcape hence, he would not: Drunk many times a Day, if not many Days entirely drunk. We have very oft' awak'd him, as if to carry him to Execution, and ſhew'd him a ſeeming Warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your Brow, *Provoſt*, Honeſty and Conſtancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient Skill beguiles me; but in the boldneſs of my cunning, I will lay myſelf in Hazard, *Claudio*, whom here you have Warrant to execute, is no greater Forfeit to the Law than *Angelo*, who hath ſentenc'd him. To make you underſtand this in a manifeſted Effect, I crave but four Days reſpite; for the which you are to do me both a preſent and a dangerous Courteſy.

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying Death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the Hour limited, and an expreſs Command, under Penalty, to deliver his Head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my Caſe as *Claudio*'s, to croſs this in the ſmalleſt.

Duke. By the Vow of mine Order, I warrant you,
If my Inſtructions may be your Guide:
Let this *Barnardine* be this Morning executed,
And his Head born to *Angelo*.

Prov. *Angelo* hath ſeen them both,
And will diſcover the Favour.

Duke. Oh, Death's a great Diſguiſer, and you may add to it; ſhave the Head, 'and tie the Beard,' and ſay, it was the Deſire of the Penitent to be barb'd before his Death; you know the Courſe is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than Thanks and good Fortune; by the Saint whom I profeſs, I will plead againſt it with my Life.

Prov. Pardon me, good Father; it is againſt my Oath.

Duke. Were you ſworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his Subſtitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no Offence, if the Duke avouch the Juſtice of your Dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a reſemblance; but a Certainty; yet ſince I ſee you fearful, that neither my Coat, Integrity, nor my Perſuaſion, can with eaſe attempt you, I will go further than

I meant to pluck all Fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the Head and Seal of the Duke; you know the Character, I doubt not, and the Signet is not ſtrange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The Contents of this is the Return of the Duke; you ſhall anon over-read it at your Pleaſure; where you ſhall find within theſe two Days he will be here. This is a thing which *Angelo* knows not; for he this very Day receives Letters of ſtrange Tenor, perchance of the Duke's Death, perchance entering into ſome Monaſtery, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding Star calls up the Shepherd; put not yourſelf into amazement how theſe things ſhould be; all Difficulties are but eaſy when they are known. Call your Executioner, and off with *Bernardine*'s Head: I will give him a preſent Shrift, and adviſe him for a better Place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this ſhall abſolutely reſolve you. Come away, it is almoſt clear Dawn. [*Exit.*

Enter Clown.

'*Clown.* I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our 'Houſe of Profeſſion; one would think it were Miſtreſs *O-*'*ver-don*'s own Houſe; for here be many of her old Cuſto-'mers: Firſt, here's young Mr. *Raſh*; he's in for a Com-'modity of brown Pepper and old Ginger, nineſcore and 'ſeventeen Pounds; of which he made five Marks ready 'Mony: Marry then, Ginger was not much in requeſt; 'for the old Women were all dead. Then is there here 'one Mr. *Caper*, at the Suit of Maſter *Three-Pile*, the Mer-'cer, for ſome four Suits of Peach-colour'd Sattin, which 'now peaches him a Beggar. Then have we here young '*Dizy*, and young Mr. *Deep-vow*, and Mr. *Copper-ſpur*, and 'Maſter *Starve-Lacky*, the Rapier and Dagger Man, and 'young *Dropheire*, that kill'd luſty *Pudding*, and Mr. *Forth-'light*, the Tilter, and brave Mr. *Shooty*, the great Travel-'ler, and wild *Half Canne*, that ſtabb'd *Pots*, and, I think, 'forty more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now 'for the Lord's ſake.

Enter Abhorſon.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

Clown. Maſter *Barnardine*, you muſt riſe and be hang'd, Maſter *Barnardine*.

Abhor. What hoa, *Barnardine*!

Barnardine

Barnardine *within.*

Barnar. A Pox o' your Throats; who makes that noiſe there? What are you?

Clown. Your Friend, Sir, the Hangman: You muſt be ſo good, Sir, to riſe, and be put to Death.

Barnar. Away, you Rogue, away, I am ſleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he muſt awake, And that quickly too.

Clown. Pray Maſter *Barnardine*, awake till you are executed, and ſleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear the Straw ruſsle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the Ax upon the Block, Sirrah?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now, *Abhorſon*? What's the News with you?

Abhor. Truly Sir, I would deſire you to clap into your Prayers: For look you, the Warrant's come.

Barnar. You Rogue, I have been drinking all Night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh the better, Sir; for he that drinks all Night, and is hang'd betimes in the Morning, may ſleep the ſounder all the next Day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghoſtly Father; Do we jeſt now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my Charity, and hearing how haſtily you are to depart, I am come to adviſe you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all Night, and will have more time to prepare me, or they ſhall beat out my Brains with Billets: I will not conſent to die this Day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, Sir, you muſt; and therefore I beſeech you look forward on the Journey you ſhall go.

Barnar. I ſwear I will not die to Day for any Man's Perſwaſion.

Duke. But hear you.

Barnar. Not a Word: If you have any thing to ſay to me, come to my Ward; for thence will not I to Day. [*Exit.*

Enter Provoſt.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: Oh gravel Heart!
After him, Fellows: Bring him to the Block.

Prov. Now, Sir, how do you find the Priſoner?

Duke. A Creature unprepar'd, unmeet for Death;
And to tranſport him in the Mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the Priſon, Father,
There dy'd this Morning of a cruel Fever,
One *Ragozine*, a moſt notorious Pirate,
A Man of *Claudio*'s Years; his Beard and Head
Juſt of his Colour. What if we do omit
This Reprobate, 'till he were well inclin'd,
And ſatisfie the Deputy with the Viſage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. O, 'tis an Accident that Heav'n provides:
Diſpatch it preſently; the Hour draws on
Prefixt by *Angelo*: See this be done,
And ſent according to command; whiles I
Perſuade this rude Wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This ſhall be done, good Father, preſently.
But *Barnardine* muſt die this Afternoon:
And how ſhall we continue *Claudio*,
To ſave me from the Danger, that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done;
Put them in ſecret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*;
Ere twice the Sun hath made his Journal greeting
To yonder Generation, you ſhall find
Your Safety manifeſted.

Prov. I am your free Dependant. [*Exit.*

Duke. Quick, diſpatch and ſend the Head to *Angelo*.
Now will I write Letters to *Angelo*,
The *Provoſt* he ſhall bear them, whoſe Contents
ſhall witneſs to him I am near at home;
And that by great Injunctions I am bound
To enter publickly: Him I'll deſire
To meet me at the conſecrated Fount,
A League below the City; and from thence,
By cold Gradation, and well-ballanc'd Form,
We ſhall proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter

Enter Provoſt.

Prov. Here is the Head, I'll carry it my ſelf.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a ſwift Return;
For I would commune with you of ſuch Things
That want no Ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all ſpeed. [*Exit.*

Iſabel *within.*

Iſab. Peace hoa, be here.

Duke. The Tongue of *Iſabel.* She comes to know,
If yet her Brother's Pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her Good,
To make her heav'nly Comforts of Deſpair,
When it is leaſt expected.

Enter Iſabel.

Iſab. Hoa, by your Leave.

Duke. Good Morning to you, fair and gracious Daughter.

Iſab. The better given me by ſo holy a Man:
Hath yet the Deputy ſent my Brother's Pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Iſabel*, from the World;
His Head is off, and ſent to *Angelo.*

Iſab. Nay, but it is not ſo.

Duke. It is no other.
Shew your Wiſdom, Daughter, in your cloſe Patience.

' *Iſab.* Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his Eyes.

' *Duke.* You ſhall not be admitted to his ſight.

Iſab. Unhappy *Claudio*, wretched *Iſabel*!
Injurious World, moſt damned *Angelo*!

Duke. This hurts not him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore, give your Cauſe to Heav'n:
Mark what I ſay, which you ſhall find
By every Syllable a faithful Verity.
The Duke comes home to morrow: nay, dry your Eyes;
One of our Convent, and his Confeſſor,
Gives me this Inſtance: Already he hath carry'd
Notice to *Eſcalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meet him at the Gates,
There to give up their Power. If you can pace your Wiſdom
In that good Path that I would wiſh it go,
And you ſhall have your Boſom on this Wretch,
Grace of the Duke, Revenges to your Heart,
And general Honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This Letter then to *Friar Peter* give;
'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's Return:
Say, by this Token, I desire his Company
At *Mariana*'s House to Night. Her Cause, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the Head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred Vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter:
Command these fretting Waters from your Eyes
With a light Heart; trust not my holy Order
If I pervert your Course. Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good Even;
Friar, where's the *Provost*?

Duke. Not within, Sir.

Lucio. Oh pretty *Isabella*, I am pale at mine Heart to see thine Eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am fain to dine and sup with Water and Bran; I dare not for my Head fill my Belly: One fruitful Meal would set me to't. But, they say, the Duke will be here to Morrow. By my Troth, *Isabel*, I lov'd thy Brother: If the old fantastical Duke of dark Corners had been at Home, he had lived.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden to your Reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do? he's a better Woodman than thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well; you'll answer this one Day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee.
I can tell thee pretty Tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, Sir, if they be true; if not, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a Wench with Child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry did I, but I was fain to forswear it: They would else have marry'd me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir, your Company is fairer than honest: Rest you well.

Lucio. By my Troth, I'll go with thee to the Lane's-end: If bawdy Talk offend you, we'll have very little of it; nay, *Friar*, I am a kind of Bur, I shall stick. (*Ex.*

SCENE III. *The Palace.*

Enter Angelo *and* Escalus.

Escal. Every Letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His Actions shew much like to Madness: pray Heav'n his Wisdom be not tainted: And why meet him at the Gates, and deliver our Authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it an Hour before his entring, that if any crave Redress of Injustice, they should exhibit their Petitions in the Street?

Escal. He shews his Reason for that; to have a Dispatch of Complaints, and to deliver us from Devices hereafter, which shall then have no Power to stand against us.

Ang. Well; I beseech you to let it be proclaim'd betimes i' th' Morn; I'll call you at your House: Give Notice to such Men of sort and suit as are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, Sir: Fare you well. (*Exit.*

Ang. Good Night.

This Deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all Proceedings. A defloured Maid,
And by an eminent Body, that enforc'd
The Law against it? But that her tender Shame
Will not proclaim against her Maiden loss,
How might she Tongue me? Yet Reason dares her no;
For my Authority bears off a credent Bulk,
That no particular Scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the Breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous Youth, with dangerous Sense,
Might in the Times to come, have ta'en a Revenge
By so receiving a dishonour'd Life,
With Ransom of such Shame: Would yet he had liv'd.
Alack, when once our Grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

SCENE. *The Fields without the Town.*

Enter Duke *in his own Habit, and Friar* Peter.

Duke. These Letters at fit time deliver me.
The *Provost* knows our Purpose and our Plot:
The Matter being afoot, keep your Instruction,
And hold you ever to our special Drift,
Tho' sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As Cause doth minister: Go call at *Flavius* House,
And tell him where I stay; give the like notice

To

To *Valentius*, *Rowland*, and to *Craſſus*,
And bid them bring the Trumpets to the Gate:
But ſend me *Flavius* firſt.

Peter. It ſhall be ſpeeded well.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, *Varrius*; thou haſt made good haſte:
Come, we will walk. There's other of our Friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle *Varrius*. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.

Enter Iſabella *and* Mariana.

Iſab. To ſpeak ſo indirectly I am loath:
I would ſay the Truth; but to accuſe him ſo,
That is your Part? yet I am adviſ'd to do it,
He ſays, to vail full Purpoſe.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Iſab. Beſides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He ſpeak againſt me on the adverſe ſide,
I ſhould not think it ſtrange; for 'tis a Phyſick
That's bitter to ſweet End.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would Friar *Peter*——

Iſab. Oh Peace; the Friar is come.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a Stand moſt fit,
Where you may have ſuch Vantage on the Duke,
He ſhall not paſs you.
Twice have the Trumpets ſounded:
'The generous and graveſt Citizens
'Have hent the Gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entring:
Therefore hence away. (*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Street.*

Enter Duke, Varrius, *Lords*, Angelo, Eſcalus, Lucio, *and Citizens at ſeveral Doors.*

Duke. MY very worthy Couſin, fairly met; (you.
Our old and faithful Friend, we are glad to ſee

Ang. and *Eſc.* Happy Return be to your Royal Grace.

Duke. Many and hearty thanks be to you both:
We have made Enquiry of you, and we hear
Such Goodneſs of your Juſtice, that our Soul

Cannot

Cannot but yield you forth to publick Thanks,
Forerunning more Requital.
Ang. You make my Bonds ſtill greater.
Duke. Oh, your Deſert ſpeaks loud, and I ſhould wrong
To lock it in the Wards of covert Boſom,
When it deſerves, with Characters of Braſs,
A forted Reſidence 'gainſt the tooth of Time,
And razure of Oblivion: Give me your Hand,
And let the Subject ſee, to make them know,
That outward Courteſies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come *Eſcalus*,
You muſt walk by us on our other Hand:
And good Supporters are you.

Enter Peter *and* Iſabella.

Peter. Now is your time:
Speak loud, and kneel before him.
Iſab. Juſtice, O royal Duke; vail your Regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have ſaid, a Maid;
Oh worthy Prince, diſhonour not your Eye
By throwing it on any other Object.
'Till you have heard me in my true Complaint,
And give me Juſtice, Juſtice; Juſtice, Juſtice.
Duke. Relate your Wrongs:
In what, by whom? be briet:
Here is Lord *Angelo* ſhall give you Juſtice;
Reveal your ſelf to him.
Iſab. Oh worthy Duke,
You bid me ſeek Redemption of the Devil:
Hear me your ſelf; for that which I muſt ſpeak
Muſt either puniſh me, not being believ'd,
Or wring Redreſs from you:
Hear me; oh hear me here.
Ang. My Lord, her Wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a Suitor to me for her Brother,
Cut off by courſe of Juſtice.
Iſab. By courſe of Juſtice!
Ang. And ſhe will ſpeak moſt bitterly.
Iſab. Moſt ſtrange, but yet moſt truly will I ſpeak;
That *Angelo*'s forſworn: Is it not ſtrange?
That *Angelo*'s a Murtherer: Is't not ſtrange?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous Thief,
An Hypocrite, a Virgin Violater:
Is it not ſtrange, and ſtrange?

Duke.

Duke. Nay, it is ten times ſtrange.
Iſab. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true as it is ſtrange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for Truth is Truth
To th' End of reckoning.
Duke. Away with her, poor Soul,
She ſpeaks this in th' Infirmity of Senſe.
Iſab. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'ſt
There is another Comfort than this World,
That thou neglect me not, with that Opinion,
That I am touch'd with Madneſs. Make not impoſſible
That which but ſeems unlike; 'Tis not impoſſible
But one, the wicked'ſt Caitiff on the Ground,
May ſeem as ſhy, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute
As *Angelo*; ev'n ſo may *Angelo*,
In all his Dreſſings, Caracts, Titles, Forms,
Be an Arch-villain; Believe it, Royal Prince.
If he be leſs, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more Name for Badneſs.
Duke. By mine Honeſty,
If the be mad, as I believe no other,
Her Madneſs hath the oddeſt frame of Senſe,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in Madneſs.
Iſab. O gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not baniſh Reaſon
For Inequality; but let your Reaſon ſerve
To make the Truth appear, where it ſeems hid,
And hide the falſe ſeems true.
Duke. Many that are not mad
Have ſure more lack of Reaſon.
What would you ſay?
Iſab. I am the Siſter of one *Claudio*,
Condemn'd upon the Act of Fornication,
To loſe his Head; condemn'd by *Angelo*:
I, in Probation of a Siſterhood,
Was ſent to by my Brother; one *Lucio*,
As then the Meſſenger,——
Lucio. That's I, and't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and deſir'd her
To try her gracious Fortune with Lord *Angelo*,
For her poor Brother's Pardon.
Iſab. That's he indeed.
Duke. You were not bid to ſpeak. [*To* Lucio.
Lucio.

Lucio. No, my good Lord,
Nor wish'd to hold my Peace.
Duke. I wish you now then;
Pray you take note of it: And when you have
A business for your self, pray Heav'n you then
Be perfect.
Lucio. I warrant your Honour.
Duke. The Warrant's for your self; take heed to't.
Isab. This Gentleman told something of my Tale.
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right, but you are i'th Wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.
Isab. I went To this pernicious Caitiff Deputy.
Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.
Isab. Pardon it: The Phrase is to the Matter.
Duke. Mended again; the Matter; proceed.
Isab. In brief; to set the needless by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I reply'd,
For this was of much length; the vile Conclusion
I now begin with Grief and Shame to utter.
He would not, but by Gift of my chaste Body
'To his concupiscible intemperate Lust,'
Release my Brother; and after much Debatement,
My sisterly Remorse confutes mine Honour,
And I did yield to him: but the next Morn betimes,
His Purpose forfeiting, he sends a Warrant
For my poor Brother's Head.
Duke. This is most unlikely!
Isab. Oh that it were as like as it is true! [thou speak'st;
Duke. By Heav'n, fond Wretch, thou know'st not what
Or else thou art suborn'd against his Honour
In hateful Practice. First, his Integrity
Stands without blemish; next, it imports no Reason,
That with such vehemency, he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: If he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy Brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on;
Confess the Truth, and say by whose Advise
Thou cam'st here to complain.
Isab. And is this all?
Then oh you blessed Ministers above,
Keep me in Patience; and with ripen'd Time,
Unfold the Evil which is here wrapt up
In Countenance: Heav'n shield your Grace from Wo,

As I thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go.
Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An Officer;
To Priſon with her. Shall we thus permit
A blaſting and a ſcandalous Breath to fall
On him ſo near us? This needs muſt be a Practice.
Who knew of your Intent, and coming hither?
Iſab. One that I would were here, *Friar Lodowick.*
Duke. A ghoſtly Father belike:
Who knows that *Lodowick?*
Lucio. My Lord, I know him; 'tis a medling *Friar*;
I do not like the Man; had he been Lay, my Lord,
For certain Words he ſpake againſt your Grace
In your Retirement, I had ſwing'd him ſoundly.
Duke. Words againſt me? this is a good *Friar* belike,
And to ſet on this wretched Woman here
Againſt our Subſtitute! Let this *Friar* be found.
Lucio. But Yeſternight, my Lord, ſhe and that *Friar*,
I ſaw them at the Priſon: A ſawcy *Friar*,
A very ſcurvy Fellow.
Peter. Bleſſed be your Royal Grace!
I have ſtood by, my Lord, and I have heard
Your Royal Ear abus'd. Firſt hath this Woman
Moſt wrongfully accus'd your Subſtitute
Who is as free from touch or ſoil with her,
As ſhe from one ungot.
Duke. We did believe no leſs.
Know you that *Friar Lodowick* which ſhe ſpeaks of?
Peter. I know him for a Man divine and holy;
Not ſcurvy, nor a temporary Medler,
As he's reported by this Gentleman;
And, on my Truſt, a Man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, miſreport your Grace.
Lucio. My Lord, moſt villanouſly; believe it.
Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himſelf;
But at this inſtant he is ſick, my Lord,
Of a ſtrange Fever; upon his meer Requeſt,
Being come to knowledge, that there was Complaint
Intended againſt Lord *Angelo*, came I hither
To ſpeak, as from his Mouth, what he doth know
Is true and falſe; and he with his Oath,
And all Probation, will make up full clear,
Whenſoever he is convened. Firſt for this Woman,
To juſtifie this worthy Nobleman,

So vulgarly and perſonally accus'd,
Her ſhall you hear diſproved to her Eyes,
'Till ſhe herſelf confeſs it.

Duke. Good *Friar*, let's hear it.
Do you not ſmile at this, Lord *Angelo*?
O Heav'n! the Vanity of wretched Fools!——
Give us ſome Seats; Come, Couſin *Angelo*,
In this I'll be impartial: Be you Judge
Of your own Cauſe. Is this the Witneſs, *Friar*?

Enter Mariana *veil'd.*

Firſt, let her ſhew her Face, and after ſpeak.

Mari. Pardon, my Lord, I will not ſhew my Face
Until my Husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my Lord.

Duke. Are you a Maid?

Mari. No, my Lord.

Duke. A Widow then?

Mari. Neither, my Lord.

Duke. Why, are you nothing then? Neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife?

Lucio. My Lord, ſhe may be a Punk; for many of them are neither Maid, Widow nor Wife.

Duke. Silence that Fellow: I would he had ſome Cauſe to prattle for himſelf.

Lucio. Well, my Lord.

Mari. My Lord, I do confeſs I ne'er was marry'd,
And I confeſs beſides, I am no Maid;
I have known my Husband, yet my Husband
Knows not that ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my Lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of Silence, would thou wert ſo too.

Lucio. Well, my Lord.

Duke. This is no Witneſs for Lord *Angelo*.

Mari. Now I come to't my Lord.
She that accuſes him of Fornication,
In ſelf-ſame manner doth accuſe my Husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with ſuch a time,
When I'll depoſe I had him in mine Arms,
With all th' Effect of Love.

Ang. Charges ſhe more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No, you ſay your Husband. [*To* Mariana.

Mari. Why, juſt, my Lord, and that is *Angelo*,

Who

'Who thinks he knows, that he ne'er know my Body;
'But knows, he thinks, that he knows *Isabel*'s.
Ang. This is a ſtrange Abuſe: Let's ſee thy Face.
Mari. My Husband bids me; now I will unmask. [*Unveiling.*
This is that Face thou cruel *Angelo*,
Which once thou ſwor'ſt was worth the looking on:
This is the Hand which, with a vow'd Contract,
Was faſt belock'd in thine: This is the Body
That took away the Match from *Iſabel*,
And did ſupply thee at thy Garden-houſe
In her imagin'd Perſon.
Duke. Know you this Woman?
Lucio. Carnally, ſhe ſays.
Duke. Sirrah, no more.
Lucio. Enough, my Lord.
Angelo. My Lord, I muſt confeſs I know this Woman;
And five Years ſince there was ſome ſpeech of Marriage
Betwixt myſelf and her, which was broke off,
Partly for that her promiſed Proportions
Came ſhort of Compoſition; but in chief,
For that her Reputation was diſvalu'd
In Levity; Since which time, of five Years
I never ſpake with her, ſaw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my Faith and Honour.
Mari. Noble Prince, [Breath.
As there comes Light from Heaven, and Words from
As there is Senſe in Truth, and Truth in Virtue,
I am affianc'd this Man's Wife as ſtrongly
As Words could make up Vows: 'And my good Lord,
'But *Tueſday* night laſt gone, in's Garden-houſe
'He knew me as a Wife; as this is true,
Let me in ſafety raiſe me from my Knees,
Or elſe for ever be confixed here
A Marble Monument.
Ang. I did but ſmile 'till now.
Now, good my Lord, give me the Scope of Juſtice;
My Patience here is touch'd: I do perceive
Theſe poor informal Women are no more
But Inſtruments of ſome more mightier Member
That ſets them on. Let me have way, my Lord,
To find this Practice out.
Duke. Ay, with my Heart:

And

And punish them to your height of Pleasure.
Thou foolish *Friar*, and thou pernicious Woman.
Compact with her that's gone; think'st thou thy Oaths,
Tho' they would swear down each particular Saint,
Were Testimonies 'gainst his Wrath and Credit,
That's seal'd with Approbation? You, Lord *Escalus*,
Sit with my Cousin; lend him your kind Pains
To find out this Abuse, whence it is deriv'd,
There it another *Friar* that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord; for he indeed
Hath set the Women on to this Complaint:
Your *Provost* knows the Place where he abides;
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.
And you my noble and well warranted Cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this Matter forth,
Do with your Injuries as seems you best
In any Chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, 'till you have
Well determin'd upon these Slanderers. *(Exit.*

Escal. My Lord, we'll do it throughly. Signior *Lucio*, did not you say, you know that *Friar Lodowick* to be a dishonest Person?

Lucio. Cucullus non facit Monachum; honest in nothing but in his Cloaths, and one that hath spoke most villanous Speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall intreat you to abide here till he come, and inforce them against him we shall find this *Friar* a notable Fellow.

Lucio. As any in *Vienna*, on my Word.

Escal. Call that same *Isabel* here once again: I would speak with her. Pray you, my Lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own Report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think if you handled her privately she should sooner confess; perchance publickly she'd be asham'd.

Enter Duke *in the Friar's Habit*, Provost *and* Isabella.

Escal. I will go darkly to work her.

Lucio. That's the way; for Women are light at Midnight. *Escal.*

Eſcal. Come on, Miſtreſs: Here's a Gentlewoman denies all that you have ſaid.

Lucio. My Lord, here comes the Raſcal I ſpoke of, Here with the *Provoſt*.

Eſcal. I very good time: Speak not you to him 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Eſcal. Come, Sir, did you ſet theſe Women on to ſlander Lord *Angelo*? They have confeſs'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis falſe.

Eſcal. How? Know you where you are?

Duke. Reſpect to your great Place; and let the Devil Be ſometime honour'd for his burning Throne. Where is the Duke? 'Tis he ſhould hear me ſpeak.

Eſcal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you ſpeak: Look you ſpeak juſtly.

Duke. Boldly at leaſt. But oh, poor Souls, Come you to ſeek the Lamb here of the Fox? Good-night to your Redreſs: Is the Duke gone? Then is your Cauſe too. The Duke's unjuſt, Thus to retort your manifeſt Appeal, And put your Trial in the Villain's Mouth Which here you come to accuſe.

Lucio. This is the Raſcal; this is he I ſpoke of.

Eſcal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd *Friar*, Is't not enough thou haſt ſuborn'd theſe Women To accuſe this worthy Man, but in foul Mouth, And in the witneſs of his proper Ear, To call him Villain; and then to glance from him To th' Duke himſelf; to tax him with Injuſtice? Take him hence: to th' Rack with him: We'll touze you Joint by Joint, but we will know his Purpoſe: What? Unjuſt?

Duke. Be not ſo hot; the Duke dare No more ſtretch this Finger of mine, than he Dare rack his own: His Subject am I not, Nor here Provincial; my Buſineſs in this State Made me a Looker on here in *Vienna*; Where I have ſeen Corruption boil and bubble, 'Till it o'er-run the Stew: 'Laws for all Faults, 'But Faults ſo countenanc'd, that the ſtrong Statutes 'Stand like the Forfeits in a Barber's Shop,

'As

As much in Mock as Mark.

Eſcal. Slander to th' State!
Away with him to Priſon.

Ang. What can you vouch againſt him, Signior *Lucio*? Is this the Man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my Lord. Come hither, Goodman Baldpate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the ſound of your Voice: I met you at the Priſon in the Abſence of the Duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you ſo? And do you remember what you ſaid of the Duke?

Duke. Moſt notedly, Sir.

Lucio. Do you ſo, Sir? And was the Duke a Fleſh-monger, a Fool, and a Coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You muſt, Sir, change Perſons with me, ere you make that my Report: You indeed ſpoke ſo of him, and much more, much worſe.

Lucio. Oh thou damnable Fellow! did not I pluck thee by the Noſe for thy Speeches?

Duke. I proteſt, I love the Duke as I love myſelf.

Ang. Hark how the Villain would cloſe now after his treaſonable Abuſes.

Eſcal. Such a Fellow is not to be talk'd withal: Away with him to Priſon: Where is the *Provoſt*? Away with him to Priſon; lay Bolts enough upon him; let him ſpeak no more; away with thoſe Giglets too, and with the other confederate Companion.

Duke. Stay, Sir, ſtay a while.

Ang. What! reſiſts he? Help him, *Lucio*.

Lucio. Come Sir, come Sir, come Sir; foh, Sir; why you bald-pated lying Raſcal; you muſt be hooded, muſt you? Show your Knave's Viſage, with a Pox to you; ſhow your ſheep-biting Face, and be hang'd an hour: Will't not off?

[*Pulls off the* Friar's *Hood, and diſcovers the* Duke.

Duke. Thou art the firſt Knave that e'er mad'ſt a Duke.
Firſt, *Provoſt*, let me bail theſe gentle three.
Sneak not away, Sir; for the *Friar* and you
Muſt have a word anon: Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worſe than hanging.

Duke. What you have ſpoke, I pardon; ſit you down:

[*To* Eſcalus.

We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your Leave:
Haſt thou or Word, or Wit, or Impudence,
That yet can do thee Office? If thou haſt,
Rely upon it 'till my Tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh my dread Lord,
I ſhould be guiltier than my Guiltineſs,
To think I can be undiſcernable,
When I perceive your Grace, like Power divine,
Hath look'd upon my Paſſes: Then, good Prince,
No longer Seſſion hold upon my Shame;
But let my Trial be mine own Confeſſion:
Immediate Sentence then, and ſequent Death,
Is all the Grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, *Mariana*:
Say: waſt thou ever contracted to this Woman?

Ang. I was, my Lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her inſtantly;
Do you the Office, *Friar*; which conſummate,
Return him here again: Go with him, *Provoſt*.

[*Exeunt* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provoſt.

Eſcal. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his Diſhonour,
Than at the ſtrangeneſs of it.

Duke. Come hither, *Iſabel*;
Your *Friar* is now your Prince: As I was then
Advertiſing, and holy to your Buſineſs,
Not changing Heart with Habit, I am ſtill
Attornied at your Service.

Iſab. Oh give me Pardon,
That I, your Vaſſal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown Soveraignty.

Duke. Your are pardon'd, *Iſabel*:
And now, dear Maid, be you as free to us.
Your Brother's Death, I know, ſits at your Heart:
And you may marvel why I obſcur'd myſelf,
Labouring to ſave his Life; and would not rather
Make raſh Remonſtrance of my hidden Power,
Than let him be ſo loſt: O moſt kind Maid,
It was the quick Celerity of his Death,
Which I did think with ſlower foot came on,
That brain'd my Purpoſe: But Peace be with him.
That Life is better Life, paſt fearing Death,

Than

Than that which lives to Fear: Make it your comfort,
So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provoſt.

Iſab. I do, my Lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd Man, approaching here,
Whoſe ſalt Imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended Honour; you muſt pardon,
For *Mariana*'s Sake: But as he adjudg'd your Brother,
Being Criminal in double violation,
Of ſacred Chaſtity, and of Promiſe-breach,
Thereon dependant, for your Brother's Life,
The very Mercy of the Law cries out
Moſt audible, even from his proper Tongue,
And *Angelo* for *Claudio*; Death for Death,
Haſt ſtill pays haſte, and leiſure anſwers leiſure;
Like doth quit like, and *Meaſure* ſtill for *Meaſure*.
Then, *Angelo*, thy Faults are manifeſted;
Which tho' thou wouldſt deny, denies the vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very Block
Where *Claudio* ſtoop'd to Death; and with like haſte.
Away with him.

Maria. Oh my moſt gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a Huſband?

Duke. It is your Huſband mock'd you with a Huſband.
Conſenting to the Safeguard of your Honour,
I thought your Marriage fit; elſe Imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your Life,
And choak your good to come; For his Poſſeſſions,
Altho' by Confiſcation they are ours,
We do enſtate, and Widow you withal,
To buy you a better Huſband.

Mari. Oh my dear Lord,
I crave no other, nor no better Man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my Leige.

Duke. You do but loſe your Labour:
Away with him to Death. Now, Sir, to you.

Mari. Oh my good Lord, Sweet *Iſabel* take my Part;
Lend me your Knees, and all my Life to come
I'll lend you, all my Life to do you Service.

Duke. Againſt all Senſe you do importune her;
Should ſhe kneel down, in mercy of this Fact.

He

Her Brother's Ghoſt his paved Bed would break,
And take her hence in Horror.
Mari. Iſabel,
Sweet *Iſabel,* ' do yet but kneel by me,
' Hold up your Hands, ſay nothing; I'll ſpeak all.
' They ſay, beſt Men are moulded out of Faults;
' And, for the moſt, become much more the better
' For being a little bad: So may my Husband.
' Oh *Iſabel*; will you not lend a Knee?
Duke. He dies for *Claudio*'s Death.
Iſab. Moſt bounteous Sir, (*Kneeling.*
Look, if it pleaſe you, on this Man condemn'd,
As if my Brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due Sincerity govern'd his Deeds,
'Till he did look on me: Since it is ſo,
Let him not die. My Brother had but Juſtice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd.
For *Angelo*, his Act did not o'ertake his bad Intent,
And muſt be bury'd but as an Intent
That periſh'd by the way: Thoughts are no Subjects:
Intents, but meerly Thoughts.
Mari. Meerly, my Lord.
Duke. Your Suit's unprofitable; ſtand up, I ſay:
I have bethought me of another Fault.
Proveſt, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded
At an unuſual Hour?
Prov. It was commanded ſo.
Duke. Had you a ſpecial Warrant for the Deed?
Prov. No, my good Lord? it was by private Meſſage.
Duke. For which I do diſcharge you of your Office:
Give up your Keys.
Prov. Pardon me, noble Lord.
I thought it was a Fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more Advice;
For Teſtimony whereof, one in the Priſon,
That ſhould by private Order elſe have dy'd.
I have reſerv'd alive.
Duke. What's he.
Prov. His Name is *Barnardine.*
Duke. I would thou hadſt done ſo by *Claudio*:
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him. (*Exit* Prov.
Eſcal. I am ſorry one ſo learned, and ſo wiſe

As

As you, Lord *Angelo*, have ſtill appear'd,
Should ſlip ſo groſly, both in the Heat of Blood,
And lack of temper'd Judgment afterward.
Ang. I am ſorry that ſuch Sorrow I procure;
And ſo deep ſticks it in my penitent Heart,
That I crave Death more willingly than Mercy:
'Tis my deſerving, and I do intreat it.
Enter Provoſt, Barnardine, Claudio, *and* Julietta,
Duke. Which is that *Barnardine*?
Prov. This, my Lord.
Duke. There was a *Friar* told me of this Man:
Sirrah, thou art ſaid to have a ſtubborn Soul
That apprehends no further than this World,
And ſquar'ſt thy Life accordingly: Thou'rt condemn'd,
But for thoſe earthly Faults, I quit them all:
I pray thee take this Mercy to provide
For better Times to come: *Friar* adviſe him;
I leave him to your Hand. What muffled Fellow's that?
Prov. This is another Priſoner that I ſav'd,
Who ſhould have dy'd when *Claudio* loſt his Head,
As like almoſt to *Claudio* as himſelf.
Duke. If he be like your Brother, for his ſake
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely ſake:
Give me your Hand, and ſay you will be mine,
He is my Brother too; but better time for that.
By this Lord *Angelo* perceives he's ſafe;
Methinks I ſee a quickning in his Eye.
Well, *Angelo*, your Evil quits you well:
Look that you love your Wife; her Worth worth yours.
I find an apt Remiſſion in myſelf,
And yet here's one in Place I cannot pardon.
You, Sirrah, that knew me for a Fool, a Coward, [*To* Lucio.
One all of Luxury, an Aſs, a Mad-man;
Wherein have I ſo deſerv'd of you,
That you extol me thus?
Lucio. 'Faith, my Lord, I ſpoke it but according to the Trick; if you will hang me for it you may, but I had rather it would pleaſe you, I might be whipt.
Duke. Whipt firſt, Sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, *Provoſt*, round about the City;
If any Woman wrong'd by this lewd Fellow,
As I have heard him ſwear himſelf, there's one

Whom

Whom he begot with Child, let her appear,
And he ſhall marry her; the Nuptial finiſh'd,
Let him be whip'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beſeech your Highneſs, do not marry me to a Whore: Your Highneſs ſaid even now, I made you a Duke; good my Lord, do not recompence me in making me a Cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine Honour thou ſhalt marry her:
Thy Slanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other Forfeits; take him to Priſon:
And ſee our Pleaſure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a Punk, my Lord, is preſſing to Death, Whipping and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a Prince deſerves it.
She, *Claudio*, that you wrong'd, look you reſtore:
Joy to you, *Mariana*; love her *Angelo*:
I have conſeſs'd her, and I know her Virtue.
Thanks, good Friend *Eſcalus*, for thy much Goodneſs:
There's more behind that is more gratulate.
Thanks, *Provoſt*, for thy Care and Secreſie;
We ſhall employ thee in a worthier Place:
Forgive him, *Angelo*, that brought you home
The Head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio*'s;
Th' Offence pardons itſelf. Dear *Iſabel*,
'I have a Motion much imports your good,
'Whereto if you'll a willing Ear incline,
'What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:
'So bring us to our Palace, where we'll ſhow
'What's yet behind that's meet you all ſhould know.
Thy virtuous Goodneſs, which alone has Charms *
To make thee worthy of a Monarch's Arms;
A Monarch who his Peoples Hearts wou'd try,
And ſhrewdly turn'd a Prieſt to turn a Spy:
For Empire then he quits the lower Plain;
Reſumes the Scepter, and gives Laws again:
On ſure Foundations learns to fix Decrees,
Like the Supreme, by judging what he ſees.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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* *Theſe laſt eight Lines were added upon the Revival.*

FINIS.